

FIFTY REASONS  
FOR BEING  
A HOMCEOPATH





William Schrader. mss.

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FIFTY REASONS  
FOR BEING A HOMŒOPATH.

- (1) In *Hebriola* and *Chills*  
 give *semiti*; but if the *Stomach*  
 is irritable first give *anemetic*
- (2) Give *Prunella alba* in all cases  
 of Pleurisy - Pleurisy Rheumatic
- (3) *Tr. asclepius* *Tr. macrost.*  
*Tr. acuti*, will take away  
 the pains of *Pneumonia*  
 and *Pleuritis*.
- (4) In cases of *dyspnoea* give 2 decem  
 3iv - 6 grains in 3 hr  
 If that fails give 3x

# FIFTY REASONS

FOR BEING

# A HOMŒOPATH:

GIVEN BY

J. COMPTON BURNETT, M.D.

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"It may sound oddly, but it is true in many cases, that if men had learned less, their way to knowledge would be shorter and easier. It is indeed shorter and easier to proceed from ignorance to knowledge than from error. They who are in the last must unlearn before they can learn to any good purpose: and the first part of this double task is not, in many respects, the least difficult; for which reason it is seldom undertaken."—BOLINGBROKE.

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*SECOND EDITION, CORRECTED.*

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GREAT SAFFRON HILL, E.C.



To

**Alfred E. Hawkes, M.D.,**

FOR HAVING INDUCED HIM TO PUT

THE

**Homœopathy of Hahnemann**

TO

THE TEST OF BEDSIDE EXPERIENCE,

THESE

**“Fifty Reasons”**

ARE GRATEFULLY DEDICATED BY

**The Author.**

## PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

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I HAVE corrected a few errors of the First Edition, and these corrections constitute the only difference between this and the first.

I here and hereby call upon Dr. T. A. K—— (or any other “regular”) to publicly give me an equal number of equally good reasons for being an Allopath: “real, live, practical reasons” or “come down the tree.”

J. C. B.

LONDON,

*Oct.* 15, 1888.

## PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION.

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THE correspondence in the introduction to the following pages explains the details and scope of this Volume of "Fifty Reasons for being a Homœopath." My position in medicine is essentially individualistic nevertheless, and Virchow, in his "*Autoritäten und Schulen*" (*Archiv. V. Band. I. Heft*), says that to which I fully subscribe, viz., "Die Parteigängerei der Schulen lässt sich nur dadurch auflösen, dass man die Einzelnen emanzipirt, dass man ihnen das Recht und die Mittel der Selbstbestimmung gewährt, nicht dadurch, dass man alle in eine einzige Partei, eine einzige Schule, eine einzige Heerde Zusammentreibt."

Primerose wrote against Harvey! Hodi-  
ernal Primeroses write against Hahnemann;  
of Primerose's writing Haller said "*Subtilitatis  
satis et cavillarum, experimentorum nihil.*"

No one writes against Harvey now!

J. COMPTON BURNETT.

2, *Finsbury Circus,*

*London, E.C.*

*January, 1888.*

## INTRODUCTION.

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DINING last January with a very genial M.P., residing, when in town, at Royal Kensington, a fellow guest was Dr. T. A. K——, a nephew of mine host, who had just returned from a medical tour on the continent of Europe, during which he had visited Paris, Heidelberg, Vienna, Berlin, and other places of medical interest.

Over the almonds and raisins I slowly became conscious that I had been really entrapped by mine host and patient into dining with him in order that said medical nephew and I might go over the various pathies together: the uncle being very anxious that his doctor-nephew should come out as a homœopath.

Things went on quietly and smoothly at first, but presently we both waxed warm, I lost my temper, and—did not find it again that evening. Indeed, when I heard the whole body of homœopaths stigmatised as quacks I did not mend matters by adopting the *tu quoque* line of argument.

The protestations that the obnoxious epithet was not meant to apply personally to me I could not accept, for I affirmed it to be a necessary sequence that if the homœopaths as a body are quacks, it must follow that I—the individual homœopath—must also be the same. Be that as it may, I wound up by saying to Dr. K——, “My dear fellow, your mind is as full of scholastic conceit as an egg is full of meat, and you are therefore a doomed man so far as scientific medicine is concerned; your cup of knowledge is full, but full of knowledge of the wrong sort; your knowledge is like those Neapolitan walnuts there, which have been dried in a kiln, and thereby rendered sterile; plant them and they will not germinate, and it is just thus with your scholastic learnings: all you know was first dried in the kiln of the schools, and has been rendered sterile—incapable of germinating. Kiln-dried walnuts have a certain value as food, but they are *dead*; your knowledge has a certain value as mental food for other students if you like to turn teacher, but it is scholastically dried up and sterilised. You have no living faith in living physic—so far as the really direct healing of the sick is concerned all your medicine is *dead*, as dead as a door nail.”

“Perhaps so,” retorted Dr. K——. “I suppose you mean that yours is the only one

true way to medical salvation ; that is just like you homœopaths, and let me say that that is the very reason why we regular practitioners do sometimes call homœopaths quacks—there, do not flare up again. I tell you I do not apply the term to you personally.”

“Precisely,” said I, “the old old story of abuse and slander of the absent. but no *reason*. Why, I could give fifty reasons for being a homœopath, that if not singly at least collectively would convince a stone.

“Fifty reasons for being a homœopath, my dear doctor ; pray let us have them ; I have never heard one good reason yet. Here, uncle, you go on to bed, I am going to stay up and have these fifty reasons that are going to show me how to cure all the diseases under the sun, including my *morbus scholasticus*, my ‘scholastic conceit,’ and all of course in strict accordance with the canting formula, *similia similibus curentur* (turning towards me)—my dear doctor, fifty reasons are rather a big dose, even if each one be only a tiny globule !”

By this time I was in the hall, and bade a “Good-night, all !”

But it did not end there ; for my “regular” brother at once sat down and rattled off the

following, which reached me already the next day:—

Dear Sir,

Referring to your rather boastful statement, made just now at my uncle's table, that you could give me fifty reasons for being a homœopath, and to your then failing to make it good in a straightforward way on account, as you alleged, of the lateness of the hour (though it is now only eleven o'clock), I at once write to you with the object of giving you an opportunity of stating your fifty reasons. *In limine*, let me say that notwithstanding my "scholastic conceit" (you seem to be very much down on the schools!) and my "Neapolitan walnut sterility" (mental merely, I *hope*!), I only want to get at the *truth*.

Like yourself, I have been educated in the schools (and since you were educated in the schools yourself it seems to me that your abuse of them is very ungrateful); but I do not start with the presumption that I already know better than my masters, and they have taught me that Hahnemann was an old quack, a braggart, and an ignoramus, and the so-called homœopaths are a set of people with whose methods and manners I have, to put it mildly, no sympathy whatever.



You seem to have a very robust faith in your homœopathy, and I now formally challenge you to come forward with those fifty reasons which you somewhat braggishly, as I must submit, claim to be able to give.

Yours sincerely,

T. A. K——.

Dr. BURNETT,  
5, Holles Street, W.

Thus runs the reply:—

Dear Sir,

It is not FIFTY reasons merely that I could give you for being a homœopath, but FIFTY TIMES FIFTY! But *ars longa, vita brevis*, and—you will add the rest.

You are well aware that I am a busy person, and so cannot easily spare the time requisite to give my reasons in full, and in a manner that should satisfy a trained mind such as yours.

If you *really* want to get at the truth about Hahnemann and his homœopathy, may I suggest that you study the works of this same Hahnemann and those of a score or two of his more illustrious disciples? The thing has not been done in the dark or in a corner, and you can obtain the works at almost any homœopathic chemist's—there is one close to you in Ebury Street.

Let me beg you particularly to read Dr. Hughes's "Pharmaco-dynamics" and "Therapeutics;" Granier's "Conferences upon Homœopathy;" Dudgeon's translations of Hahnemann's writings—in fact, everything written by Dr. Dudgeon and his able coadjutors in the *British Journal of Homœopathy*.

And when you have done this, and want still to know some more of the *truth* about Hahnemann, read the various Hahnemannian orations given of late years by Drs. Dudgeon, Hughes, Pope, Clarke, as also the one by myself, entitled "Ecce Medicus."

And if you further care to know what a grand reality our *Materia Medica* is, pray take a look at "Allen's Encyclopædia of Pure *Materia Medica*;"—you will find them all and many more in my library, which is at your service, if you are truly a seeker after medical truth as it is in homœopathy.

I shall also be pleased to introduce you to the physicians at the London Homœopathic Hospital, where you can watch the work done.

Believe me, we homœopaths are not what you have been taught to think; we have no secrets; we aim all of us, each according to his ability and in his own way, to advance the true interests of our beneficent art, and our most earnest desire before God and man is to

teach all we know to all knowledge-seeking lovers of truth.

I will not mince matters with you: those who tell you that Hahnemann was an ignorant quack, that the homœopaths are quacks, are—well, they say the thing that is not. The word I should like to use would shock you, perhaps; be it so, you know what I mean. Tell it from the house-tops, and let it shock a callous, leech-ridden, stupid world.

Yours faithfully,

J. C. BURNETT.

Dr. K.,

*Kensington.*

I then got this:—

Dear Sir,

You express yourself in language that is rather stronger than we are accustomed to in the “schools;” but let that pass, strong language is not argument. With all due respect for you, I think it ill becomes you to reproach the regular profession with being abusive towards the homœopaths, in whom and in whose practice we do not believe; at least we do not call you *liars*. But as I first used the word quack, I suppose I must put up with “liar.”

I suggest we do not depart from sober, dispassionate speech, and that, in lieu of abuse, you give me your *fifty reasons for being a homœopath*. You say you could give me “not merely fifty reasons, but fifty times fifty,” and then you wind up by giving me no reason at all, but references to your literature! Why, the very mass of your literature is itself a strong reason with me for *not* being a homœopath! I cannot be all my life at school—as it is, some think the schools have not had a very desirable effect upon me!

I cannot say, like you, that I am a busy person, but I am negotiating for the purchase of a practice in Manchester, or, rather a partnership, and then I shall be busy enough with all the night drudgery and midwifery, I daresay—but what is one to do? My uncle insists that I shall go into partnership with an older man, and I must obey as he finds the money. But this is digressive. I am now only writing to express my obligation to you for your kind offer to let me have all those works from your library. No; thanks many. I have no inclination to spend my time in perusing all those works, nor, indeed, any of them.

I am well aware that you homœopaths write an amazing number of books on all conceivable subjects, and I believe you yourself are respon-

sible for some, but I do not want your literature, nor do I feel any inclination to wade through the nauseous laudations of *the* Master (!) by the various Hahnemann orators (save the mark)—for they all amount to this: there is but one God—homœopathy (no, I beg pardon, Homœopathy, always with a big H!), and Hahnemann is *the* prophet. Not only do I not want to borrow any of the numerous works you mention from your library, but I do not want long-winded quotations by you from them by way of *reasons*; of course with your facile pen you could easily work up fifty quotations from literature as reasons, but these I decline; I want *your* reasons if you really have them; that is to say, real, live, practical reasons from your own professional life; reasons that need not be powerful enough “to convince a stone, either singly or collectively,” but which shall at least show that you have the reasons you profess to be able to give.

There is altogether too much brag about you homœopaths; it seems to me that you profess to cure all that the profession declare to be incurable, such as cancer, epilepsy, consumption, and tumours. I believe you even profess to cure cataract with medicines. Well, all I can say is, I should like to see the man who has dissolved a senile cataract with medi-

cines. I have no hesitation in saying the thing is impossible.

Yours sincerely,

T. A. K —.

Dr. BURNETT.

Thereupon I replied :—

Dear Sir,

You are a little hard upon homœopaths, I must say, and upon me in particular ; but for this I have myself to blame for having condescended to discuss with you a subject of which you are so profoundly ignorant, viz., homœopathy. I can only discuss botany with a botanist, zoology with a zoologist ; this you will surely admit. But you seem to think I can discuss homœopathy with you, although you fairly boast of your ignorance of the subject.

I, in a moment of excitement, rashly offered to give Fifty Reasons for being a Homœopath, and as I understand your position you pin me fixedly to that offer, and insinuate that if I do not give those reasons it must necessarily be because I cannot. I reiterate that I could give you fifty times fifty, although perhaps not all out of my own experience. Nor do I think it fair that you should shut out our literature for

the purpose of giving those fifty reasons ; at least you must allow me to quote from my own published works, as in them is already published the cream of what I know and have seen.

And may I ask you, in common fairness, to make at least a preliminary study of the principles of homœopathy in the works I have named or in such others as you may prefer, and then we could proceed with a fair dispassionate study of the various issues which may present themselves for inquiry.

What is the use of sneering at our reported cures of cancer, epilepsy, consumption, cataract, and tumours ? at least they show that we DO TRY to cure them, which is more than your school does. For instance, I have myself over and over again maintained the curability of some of these diseased states by remedies, but how could I discuss the subjects with you when you do not know the merest elements of our method ? To understand what I say you must be familiar not only with Homœopathic Propædeutics, but also with what I would call the *Penetralia Homœopathica*, but you entirely lack the patience and perseverance necessary hereto, and I doubt whether you have the real love of the truth for her own sake in you. "Seek and ye shall find" is true here also, but *you must seek first*, which is just what you refuse to do, and yet you expect to find.

You claim to be “regular”—but “regular” what?

You claim the right to ridicule and condemn cases reported by eminent homœopathic practitioners—on what principle or ground? Were you there? Did you see the cases? You know nothing of homœopathy, you have never tried it, and yet you claim the right of judgment upon homœopathic work. You live under a chronic delusion: when you say you do not believe this or that homœopathic cure, what you really say is this, I, with my regular practice cannot cure such cases; my professors cannot; we agree they cannot be cured at all, *therefore* these pretended cures of the homœopaths are not real. In other words, you cannot cut a piece of cloth with a steel key, and it therefore follows that I cannot cut it with steel scissors, because both key and scissors are made of steel. You say steel cannot cut it, I say it can, and when we come to enquire into the matter it is found that you mean a steel key, whereas I mean steel scissors.

If you want roasted pigeon for dinner you must procure the pigeon and roast it; it will not fall ready roasted into your mouth.

Will you at least take in the *Monthly Homœopathic Review*, the *Homœopathic World*, and the



*Hahnemannian Monthly*, for—say—one year? and then we will resume the subject.

What would you say if your gardener were to put in his seed without getting rid of the weeds and preparing the ground? So here: I want you to root out the weeds of scholastic prejudice and prepare your mental ground at least in some small measure, or I shall only sow good seed that either by reason of the unprepared soil will not spring up at all or else will struggle in vain with the weeds of conceit, ignorance, and prejudice.

Come, friend, fair play, even for hated and despised homœopathy.

Yours truly,

J. C. BURNETT.

Dr. K——.

Dr. K——. next wrote:—

Dear Sir,

I am writing this from Manchester, as you see, where I have now entered upon the partnership which I previously mentioned to you. This will explain the delay in writing in reply to your last communication. I have spoken to my partner about our discussion and your still-to-be-given fifty reasons for being a homœopath, and what do you think he says?

He says, "It is all rot!" In which crude, vulgar dictum I am disposed to concur, though I mean no offence to you, as I know *you* believe in the theories you advance. And I admit a certain justice in your demand that I should study homœopathy before proceeding to discuss it, but then you will note that *I do not pretend to discuss it*, or if I did I here renounce any such pretension, and I will merely say—give me your promised fifty reasons. And you will not teach me because I am, forsooth, ignorant. I should have thought that were an additional reason for giving me instruction. I am as desirous as anyone to know the truth, though I am not exactly an enthusiast, but I must push on with my practice, as I am shortly to be married.

I condemn homœopathy without knowing anything about it, you say. Be it so; but you must remember that I have the same authority for all I know of medicine, viz., that of my teachers at the University of Cambridge, who not only taught me all I know of medicine, but they also taught me to condemn Hahnemann and homœopathy. I cannot follow you into all the issues which you raise, but will at once come from the abstract to the concrete—Will you or will you not give me *your* fifty reasons for being a homœopath? I do not care whether your reasons have ever been published or not,

provided they be your own, and not got together out of everybody's books ; but they must be as you originally said at my uncle's house—I remember your promise quite well in substance: You said you could give me fifty reasons for being a homœopath out of your own life-work and professional experience. To this I certainly do pin you, or you must come down the tree.

Yours sincerely,

T. A. K——.

Dr. BURNETT.

My final consent ran thus:—

Dear Sir,

Inasmuch as I said that I could give you fifty reasons for being a homœopath, and you insist upon keeping me to it or “come down the tree,” I must submit, as even an army does, to *force majeure*, and so I will make a beginning the first spare moment.

As I cannot possibly give them all at once, I propose to divide them into as many parts as there are reasons to be given.

You must please keep in mind that I do not allow you any right whatever of reply or discussion, as you will not first study the subject,

and I cannot admit that even a "regular" practitioner can know a thing without learning it. I shall write to you *en maître*. You *will* have my fifty reasons; very good, you *shall* have them—every one of them, if I live.

Yours truly,

J. C. BURNETT.

Dr. T. A. K——.



## Reason the First.

---

DEAR DOCTOR,

A number of years ago, on a dull dreary afternoon, which I had partly occupied at B—— Hospital with writing death certificates, I suddenly rose and felt something come over me, for the fiftieth time at that period. I hardly knew what, but it grew essentially out of my unsatisfactory clinical results. I had been an enthusiastic student of medicine originally, but an arrantly sceptic professor quite knocked the bottom out of all my faith in physic, and overmuch hospital work and responsibilities, grave beyond my age and experience, had squeezed a good deal of the enthusiasm out of me. After pacing up and down

the surgery, I threw myself back into my chair and dreamily thought myself back to the green fields and the early birds'-nesting and fishing days of my childhood. Just then a corpse was carried by the surgery window, and I turned to the old dispenser, and enquired in a petulant tone, "Tim, who's that dead now?" "Little Georgie, Sir."

Now little Georgie was a waif who belonged to nobody, and we had liked him, and had kept him about in odd beds, as one might keep a pet animal. Everybody liked little Georgie; the most hardened old pauper would do him a good turn, and no one was ever more truly regretted than he.

It all came about in this way: One day I wanted a bed for an acute case, and I ordered little Georgie out of his bed in a warm, snug corner, to another that was in front of a cold window; he went to it, caught cold, had pleurisy, and Tim's reply gives the result.

Said I to myself: If I could only have stopped the initial fever that followed the chill by the window, George had probably lived. But three medical men besides myself had treated Georgie—all in unison—and all hospital men; still pleurisy followed the febricula, dropsy followed the pleurisy, and poor little Georgie died. Old Tim was a hardened man, and I never saw him show any feeling or sentiment of any kind, or regret at anybody's death, but I verily believe he was very near dropping just one wee tear over Georgie's memory, for I noticed that his attention was needlessly and unwontedly fixed on the surface of the bottles he was washing. Be that as it may, Georgie was no more, and I FELT SURE HE NEED NOT HAVE DIED, and this consciousness nearly pressed me down into the earth.

That evening a medical friend from the Royal Infirmary turned up to dinner with me, and I told him of my trouble,

and of my half determination to go to America and turn farmer: at least I should be able to lead a wholesome, natural life.

He persuaded me to study Homœopathy first, and refute it, or, if apparently true, to try it in the hospital.

After many doubts and fears—very much as if I were contemplating a crime—I procured Hughes's "Pharmacodynamics" and "Therapeutics," which my friend said were a good introduction to Homœopathy.

I mastered their main points in a week or two, and came from a consideration of these to the conclusion either that Homœopathy was a very grand thing indeed, or this Dr. Hughes must be a very big ——. No, the word is unparliamentary. You don't like the word ——? Well, I do, it expresses my meaning to a T; on such an important subject there is for me no middle way,



it must be either good clear God's truth, or black lying. A fool the man could not possibly be, since it would be quite impossible for a fool to write the books. And as he seemed to speak so eloquently from a noble soul, it lifted me right out of the slough of despond—for a little while, but then came a reaction : had I not often tried vaunted specifics and plans of treatment, and been direfully disappointed ? So my old skepsis took possession of me. "What," said I, "Can such things be ?" No, impossible. I had been nurtured in the schools, and had there been taught by good men and true that Homœopathy was therapeutic Nihilism. No, I could not be a Homœopath ; I would try the thing at the bed-side, prove it to be a lying sham, and expose it to an admiring profession !

I was full of febricula on account of Georgie's fate, so studied the say of the Homœopaths thereon, and

found that they claimed to cut short simple fever with *Aconite*. Ah, thought I, if that be true, *Aconite* would have saved little Georgie if given in time at the very onset.

Well, feverish colds and chills were common enough just then, and I had moreover a ward where children thus taken ill were put till their diseases had declared themselves, and then they were drafted off to the various wards, for that purpose provided, with Pneumonia, Pleurisy, Rheumatism, Gastritis, Measles, as the case might be.

I had some of Fleming's *Tincture of Aconite* in my surgery, and of this I put a few drops into a large bottle of water, and gave it to the nurse of said children's ward, with instructions to administer of it to all the cases on the one side of the ward as soon as they were brought in. Those on the other side were not to have the Aconitic solution, but were to be treated in the

authorised orthodox way, as was theretofore customary. At my next morning visit, I found nearly all the youngsters on the *Aconite* side *feverless*, and mostly at play in their beds. But one had the Measles, and had to be sent to the proper ward: I found *Aconite* did *not* cure measles: the others remained a day or two and were then returned whence they had originally come.

Those on the non-*aconite* orthodox side were worse, or about the same, and had to be sent into hospital—mostly with localised inflammations, or catarrhs, measles, &c.

And so it went on day after day, day after day: those that got *Aconite* were generally convalescent in twenty-four or forty-eight hours, except in the comparatively seldom cases where the seemingly simple chill was the prodromal stage of a specific disease such as measles, scarlatina, rheumatic fever: these were barely influenced by the *Aconite*. But

the great bulk of the cases were all genuine chills, and the *Aconite* cured the greater part right off, though the little folks were usually pale, and had perspired, as I subsequently learned, needlessly much.

I had told the nurse nothing about the contents of my big bottle, but she soon baptised it "Dr. Burnett's Fever Bottle."

For a little while I was simply dumb-founded, and I spent much of my nights studying homœopathy: I had no time during the day.

One day I was unable to go my usual rounds through the wards; in fact I was absent two days—from Saturday till Tuesday—and on entering the said children's ward the next time in the early morning, the nurse seemed rather quiet, and informed me, with a certain forced dutifulness, that *all* the cases might, she thought, be dismissed.

“ Indeed,” said I, “ How’s that ? ”

“ Well, Doctor, as you did not come round on Sunday and yesterday, I gave your fever medicine to them all ; and, indeed, I had not the heart to see you go on with your cruel experiments any longer ; you are like all the young doctors that come here—you are only trying experiments ! ”

I merely said “ Very well, nurse ; give the medicine in future to all that come in.” This was done till I left the place, and the result of this *Aconite*-medication for chills and febricula was usually rapid defervescence, followed by convalescence. But when the stomach was much involved, I at times found the *Aconite* useless, unless vomiting occurred, and so in such cases I administered a mild emetic, whereupon defervescence at once set in, and though a homœopath now for a good many years, I still think a mild emetic the right treatment when the stomach is

laden and cannot unburden itself by natural vomit.

But still this is only by the way : I enter into all these preliminary, incidental and concomitant circumstances merely to put you on the same ground whereon I myself stand ; they are not essential, for they only lead to this : *Aconitum in febricula was, and is, my first reason for being a homœopath.*

Have you as good a reason for being a “ regular ” ?

### **My Second Reason.**

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AH ! my good fellow, I thought you would say that you also use *Aconite* for fever, and that therefore it is not necessarily homœopathy. But do you not know of a certain French gentleman who spoke prose all his life without knowing it ?

A man that gives *Aconite* for febricula is a homœopath *malgré lui*. But to my second reason.

When I was a lad I had pleurisy of the left side, and, with the help of a village apothecary, and half-a-hogshead of mixture, nearly died, though not quite ; from that time on I had a dull, uneasy sensation in my side, about which I consulted many eminent physicians in various parts of Europe, but no one could help me. All agreed that it was an old adhesive something between the visceral and costal layers of the pleura, *but no one of my many eminent advisers could cure it*. And yet my faith in them was big enough to remove mountains : so faith as a remedy did no good.

When orthodox medicine proved unhelpful, I went to the hydropaths ( they were called “quacks” then ! ) and had it hot, and cold, and long ; but

they also did me no good. Packs cold, and the reverse; cold compresses worn for months together; sleeping in wet sheets; no end of sweatings—Turkish and Russian—all left my old pleuritic trouble *in statu quo ante*.

The grape cure; the bread-and-wine cure, did no better. Nor did diet and change help me.

However, when I was studying what the peculiar people called homœopaths have to say about their *Bryonia alba*, and its affinity for serous membranes, I, ——What?—abused them and called them quacks? — No! —— I bought some *Bryonia alba*, and took it as they recommended, and in a fortnight my side was well, and has never troubled me since!

There, friend, that is my second reason for being a homœopath, and when I cease to be grateful to dear old Hahnemann for his *Bryonia*, may



my old pleural trouble return to remind me of the truth of his teaching.

What you and the world in general may think of it I care not one straw : I speak well of the bridge that carried *me* over.

For my part, I make but one demand of medicine, and one only, viz. : *that it shall cure !* The pathy that will cure is the pathy for me. For of your fairest pathy I can but say

What care I how fair she be,  
If she be not fair to *me* ?

### **Reason the Third.**

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You can have what opinion you like of my old pleuritic affection : *I* had the wretched thing till I took *Bryonia*, and I have never had it since. Myself, I am sweetly content with my second

reason for being a homœopath. I never said the remedy was first used by the homœopaths, that is not of the essence of my proposition.

Since going over into the homœopathic camp, I have often had to treat pleurisy: that you will not find it difficult to believe. *Aconite* and *Bryonia* are the big guns of the homœopaths for pleurisy, but I will remark as the outcome of my own experience that it is only in what I would call

#### PLEURITIS RHEUMATICA

that they really hit the mark. Let me relate such a case to you as my third reason for being a homœopath.

Some years since I was suddenly summoned to the suburban house of a city merchant, who had caught a chill two evenings before on returning from a political meeting; when I arrived, an

exquisite case of pleurisy, *pleuritis rheumatica*, presented itself.

The gentleman's wife informed me that she was much exercised in her mind, as many friends had strongly urged her not to have homœopathy in such a serious case: All very well, said they, perhaps, for women and children, but she surely was not going to risk her dear husband's life in the hands of a homœopathic practitioner? No, she would have Dr. X., who lived near by. But though as a rule *L'homme propose et la femme dispose*, in this case it was the other way about: the husband flatly refused any other than homœopathic treatment, and hence my presence. He was in a raging fever and much pain, and merely moaned "Doctor, give me relief from this pain, and procure me some sleep."

I gave *Aconite* and *Bryonia*—strong.

Next day he was already a little round the corner, and not in much pain, unless he incautiously turned. "Doctor," said he, "my friend Mr. — in — road over yonder, has, I am told, something of the same thing as I have, only more in the shoulder, and he has sent to me to beg me to give you up, and have his medical man, who lives near by, and who is considered a very clever man—what am I to say?" I replied "Tell him from me that I shall have you well in your city office in a few days at work, and that on your way home from the city you may call, and you will *still find* HIM *ill*, and then you can tell him your experience, and compare notes."

And so it happened, in a few days—I do not remember the exact number—my patient went to his city office, did a small amount of work, and on returning home called on or sent to his said friend, who was still in great pain, and remained so for some time.

### **Reason the Fourth.**

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YOUR note would infer that I was not dealing in my last letter with a case of true pleurisy.

Given a man who had pleurisy himself twice; who labored twelve weeks in bed therewith; who went about all his student life with a painful sequel of pleurisy; who read all he could find in literature on pleurisy; who listened to lectures by Skoda on pleurisy for weeks together with personal interest; who saw scores of cases of pleurisy while walking the hospitals; who was, as it happened, examined at his "final" on pleurisy; and who, in his own subsequent practice, has treated very many cases of pleurisy—*I am that man!*

Well, now I must give you my fourth reason for being a homœopath. The gentleman referred to in my last letter (my patient's friend), after he got

over his acute sufferings went to a specialist for gout, but was still so stiffened in his shoulder and side that he was not able to do his office duty, and after remaining faithfully under his own doctor for a further period and still not getting well, finally — What? Came to me! And what next? *Bryonia alba*, *Chelidonium majus*, and *Sulphur*, cured him in a few weeks.

It seems to me that *Aconite* and *Bryonia* alone, if well studied and rightly used, would convert the whole world to homœopathy, at least I see no escape for any honest UNprejudiced man.

But prejudice is well-nigh Almighty. As Bolingbroke says—"It may sound oddly, but it is true, in many cases, that if men had learned less, their way to knowledge would be shorter and easier. It is indeed shorter and easier to proceed from ignorance to know-

ledge than from error. They who are in the last must unlearn before they can learn to any good purpose; and the first part of this double task is not in many respects the least difficult, for which reason it is seldom undertaken."

Did you understand anything about homœopathy I would explain to you why I gave the *Bryonia*, why it was followed by *Chelidonium*, and why *Sulphur* had to be interposed; as you are, however, ignorant, you must take it empirically.

### Reason the Fifth.

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I LEAVE you to study the wider therapeutic bearings of *Aconite* in common feverishness and as a preventive of inflammatory localisings, and also the specific elective affinity of the white *Bryonia* for the serous membranes, as exemplified in my own case, as well as

in the other two ; I did not promise you didactic lectures on the various points I bring forward, but only my Fifty Reasons. So now for my fifth : It is this—Homœopathy lifts me at one stroke from the dependent position of a groping journeyman healer of disease to the proud position of a master of the healing art. Let me exemplify by quoting almost in full a case I once published, under this heading :—

ON THE USE OF CHLORAL HYDRATE IN  
LETHARGIC SOMNOLENCY.

Those who have watched *old* chloral-eaters may have noticed that they slowly get lethargic, somnolent and listless. Towards the end of the chapter of chronic chloralism there is a condition of fatty degeneration of a slow, lazy type, and the very mode of death seems peculiar. I have seen a case\* where the subject of chronic chloralism lay for days a-dying ; she was for several days so that it was very difficult to determine whether she was dead or not.

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\* As the lady used large quantities, her son, a merchant, bought it at the stores in big bottles ! Their physician had prescribed it.



Occasionally one comes across a remarkable case of somnolence, and then the narcotics are to be thought of by the therapist.

I will shortly relate two such cases from my own practice :

No. 1. A lady, about forty-five years of age, stout, fresh-looking, and the mother of a family, was the subject of remark of her friends, on account of her lethargy and sleepiness. Her weakness was such that even crossing the street was almost impossible ; the weakness was peculiarly lethargic, a kind of listless heaviness. She was almost constantly asleep ; she would get up in the morning after a good night's rest, and even while dressing, she seemed compelled to sit down, and no sooner seated but she would fall asleep. This state of things went on for weeks and months, and her allopathic adviser did his best in vain. After she came under my care I tried first *Arnica*, and then *Opium*, with but indifferent success, when all at once I bethought me of the great similarity of the case before me to that of a confirmed old chloral-eater of my *clientèle*.

*Chloral* in a low dilution cured my patient, and she again became brisk, active, and wide-awake.

No. 2. An elderly lady came under my care on April 21, 1881, for lethargy, languor, and somnolence.

℞ Trit. 2x *Chloral Hydrat.* ʒiv., six grains in water every three hours.

May 7. Under this date I find these notes in my case book: "Feels a different creature; vastly improved; less lethargic, and decidedly less languid."

She then got the third decimal trituration in lieu of the second, and only two doses a day, and then needed no further treatment, as she subsequently informed me when calling with her husband.

Now you can see what I mean: I had before me cases that would not readily fit into any nosological *cadre*, and yet I was enabled to treat the case *en maître*. This is therapeutic independence which I love, and affords, as I submit, a very sound reason indeed for being a homœopath.

Had I not so many more reasons to give, I should very much like to dilate on this transcendental advantage of homœopathy: its law is a guide in the darkest disease—of this more in my next.

## Reason the Sixth.

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WHAT I mean in my fifth reason requires to be insisted upon a little more that you may perceive my meaning the more clearly. I said homœopathy raises one from the dependent position of a journeyman therapist to that of master.

*E. g.*—Some years since, as you may perhaps know, a drug called *Cundurango* came up in your school as a cure for cancer, much as *Chian turpentine* did subsequently, and, like it, had its little day, and then passed out of sight.

*Cundurango*, thought I, will certainly only cure one variety of cancer, not all. How are we to know which? The clinical records of *Cundurango* showed that it really has genuine curative power over some cases of cancer, particularly of the stomach. Hahnemann taught that the true way

to define the curative sphere of a drug is to give it to healthy people, to see what it would do to them.

So I procured some of the *Cundurango* bark, made an infusion, and drank quantities of it. You will find my report on the subject in "Allen's Encyclopædia of Pure Materia Medica." Well, I found that it causes (inter alia) *cracks in the angles of the mouth*.

Subsequently I had to treat a case of cancer of the left breast in a middle-aged woman, but patient had *also a deep crack in the angle of her mouth* on the left side, with thick indurated edges, probably of an epitheliomatous nature. I think you would have agreed with the diagnosis had you seen the case. I therefore reasoned thus—we know empirically that *Cundurango* can cure some cases of cancer; I now know from the direct experiment on myself that it causes the angles of the mouth to crack; the homœopaths maintain

that likes cure likes, *ergo*, *Cundurango* ought to be the curative agent in this case.

The patient took a homœopathic preparation of the remedy steadily for about three years, with gradual, slow amelioration, and eventual perfect cure. Since then eight years have elapsed and she is still in excellent health. I think it must be manifest that had it not been for homœopathy this cure could not have been wrought, and patient must long since have died of the dire disease.

Therefore please accept this as my sixth reason for being a homœopath. And, learned brother, what a proud position too! Of course it is not "regular," alas! that it is *not*.

### **Reason the Seventh.**

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THIS shall also be in further elucidation of my contention that homœopathy turns

the groping, bungling treater of disease into a master of the healing art.

Ever since the year 1878 I have been in the habit of using *Vanadium* as a remedy in a class of cases that, outside of Homœopathy, you cannot touch—I mean in certain cases of atheroma of the arteries, and fatty degeneration. I had been in the habit of using *Phosphorus*, *Antimony*, *Arsenic*, and the like, but was not satisfied with my results in certain cases: nothing satisfies *me* but *a cure*. So I went further afield, and thought I had found what I wanted in *Vanadium*, whose *physiological* effects I studied in the “Proceedings of the Royal Society.” \* I got the differential points from an article in the *Journal of Physiology*,† by Mr. G. F. Dowdeswell, entitled, “On the Structural Changes which are produced in the Liver under the Influence of the Salts

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\* Proc. Royal Soc., 1875, *autore* Priestley.

† Vol. I., Nos. 4, 5, September 25, 1878.

of Vanadium." In a word, let me say that it consists in true cell destruction, the pigment escaping, the liver being hit hardest. I had a case on hand of fatty liver, atheroma of the arteries, much pain corresponding to the course of the basilar artery, large, deeply pigmented patches on forehead, profound adynamia, and so forth.

Well, my patient was then over seventy, and was very clearly breaking up and going to pass the big bourn whence no man returneth. Thanks to the use of *Vanadium* (I used the soluble ammonium salt) in homœopathic preparation, chosen according to the homœopathic law, that lady got quite well, and remains so, being now hard upon eighty years of age, and hale and hearty.

This is what I call being a master of the art of healing, and that you may truly realise the entire independence of my proceeding, I may tell you that thus

far *Vanadium* (so far as I know) has never even now been used in medicine at all, except by myself.

Of course, as you are a “regular,” you would not so far have forgotten your dignity as to go in quest of a remedy for your case holding on humbly and hopefully to the Hahnemannian law.

Please allow the now by me clinically proved homœopathicity of *Vanadium* to a certain form of fatty decay stand as my seventh reason for being a homœopath.

My other *Vanadium* cases I will not trouble you with—they only prove the same point; besides, I have still forty-three reasons to give you.

### **My Eighth Reason.**

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A LADY living not far from your uncle's, in Kensington, came to me on June 5, 1882, with a sore, gnawing pain in her



left side, the pain being at times sharp and darting, and seated just under the ribs, in the region of the spleen: *worse* at night when she got warm in bed. Concomitantly herewith the left eye is involved, its *puncta lachrymalia* are very red. This is a comparatively simple case of disease, yet withal very painful, and patient came to me *to be cured*. I am sure as a “regular” this case would completely baffle anyone. Without a scientific law to guide you, you would not be able to tackle the case curatively at all. It offered no particular difficulty to me, and I cured it with an essence of the common European walnut! Fancy the walnut tree for such a case! We call it *Juglans Regia*, and I gave five drops of the first centesimal dilution in water three times a day. Would you like to know the scientific “why” of this case? Only homœopathy and the mundane doings of the late Clotar Müller can tell you.

Here again you see how the law of similars gives executive potentiality to one's knowledge of drug physiology, and moreover affords me my eighth reason for *not* being a "regular."

### **Reason the Ninth.**

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You object to my "jeering, offensive tone." May I remind you, my "regular" friend, that you began the "jeering!" At your uncle's you plumed yourself upon being a "regular," and thought you were looking down from a mighty height upon the homœopaths! You insisted upon having my fifty reasons, and I am sending them as fast as I can, and if I parenthetically do a little jeering, you will please remember that I have the most absolutely unspeakable contempt for your ignorance, from the top of which you had the brazen effrontery to call the homœopaths

quacks! You, the grossly ignorant, prejudiced "regular," call flippantly upon me to justify my professional position. When I speak of your ignorance, I mean your ignorance of the art of healing; of other kinds of knowledge I know you are full.

I have given you a case of pain in the left hypochondrium cured by *Fuglans regia*. Not many weeks after that case was cured as stated, a young lady came to consult me in regard to a very similar pain, but hers was of the *right* side, at the bottom of the right lung. She had had it for three months, and was pulled down by it a good deal, having become weak and anæmic.

*Chelidonium majus* 1, five drops in water night and morning cured it specifically in just a fortnight. I should like to discuss with you the reason why I gave *Fuglans regia* in the one case of pains in the side, and *Chelidonium majus* in the other; but I have not the time,

so this must end my account of my ninth reason.

### **Reason the Tenth.**

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You are quite mistaken in saying that what rendered me, after my "manner of speech," a master of the healing art is limited in its application. That is just what it is *not*, else where is the mastership? Getting a firm grip of the homœopathic law affords me a *guide under almost all circumstances*. Let me further exemplify my meaning by adducing a case of

#### **CHRONIC HICCOUGH.**

To begin with, if you have no experience with really bad cases of hiccough ask your older partner, and he will tell you that they are very troublesome at times, and by no means easy to cure. And hiccough is again one of those cases that do not fit easily

into any nosological system. In the early part of 1883 a young lady was brought to me suffering from a number of morbid symptoms, the most prominent of which was *Singultus*. She would usually get it in attacks lasting about half an hour each, and of these there were generally four a day. In view of the concomitants—emansation of the menses, leucorrhœa, thirst, much saliva in the mouth—I considered that the hiccough was reflected from the uterus. You know something of the views I hold on vaccination and the theory of vaccinosis, which I have elsewhere\* sought to establish and defend. Well, I proceeded on these lines *ex hypothesi*, and gave *Thuja*, but it did no good. I followed with *Sepia*, which is a classic remedy with the homœopaths for leucorrhœa; but it also did not help. What did I do? I went to

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\* See my "Vaccinosis and its Cure by *Thuja*," &c.

the law of homœopathy and to the prophet Hahnemann! Now my patient was *thirsty*; her *tongue was coated*; she had *nausea*; her *mouth filled with fluid*; she had *headache*; she *yawned* a good deal; she had *hiccough*; she complained of great *weakness*, and of *fatigue in all her limbs*; and altogether her symptoms were very much like those of *Cyclamen*, as given in Hahnemann's *Materia Medica Pura*, and THEREFORE if the old seer's notion of similitudes was worth anything, *Cyclamen* ought to cure my patient, and so it did. The third decimal nearly cured her, but not quite, and so I went down to the second decimal when the menses appeared. But the second decimal dilution did not seem to act so well as the previously used third, and hence I harked back to the third. Then, as the hiccough was *not quite* well, I went down to the first decimal, and then for the same reason shot up to the thirtieth centesimal, when—repeat it only in whisper to your

friends—no more remedies were needed for the hiccough ! So please accept as my tenth reason for being a homœopath the fact that *with its aid I can cure Hiccough* safely and pleasantly : this time the cure was wrought with *Cyclamen*.

### Reason the Eleventh.

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I WOULD fain beg you to allow me to give you as my eleventh reason for being a homœopath also a most singular case of hiccough. It has already been published in my “*Natrum Muriaticum*,” whence I will transcribe it.

OBS. XI. A clergyman’s wife, about 50 years of age, consulted me on February 20th, 1878, complaining of severe dyspepsia with other symptoms of *Natrum Muriaticum*. My visit was a hurried one, so I did not enter very fully into the case. Nat. Mur. 6 trit. vj. grains in water twice a day was the prescription ; it cured in three days these symptoms : “*Hiccough*

occurring morning, noon, and night *for at least ten years*, which was brought on by Quinine; it was not a hiccough that made much noise, but 'shook the body to the ground;' it used to last about ten minutes, and was 'very distressing.'"

How do you know that the hiccough was really produced by quinine? I enquired. She answered: "At three separate times in my life I have taken quinine for tic of the right side of my face, and I got hiccough each time; the first and second time it gradually went off, but the third time it did not; when the late Dr. Hynde prescribed it I said, do not give me quinine as it always gives me hiccough, but he would give it me; I took it and it gave me the hiccough, which lasted until I took your powders; it is more than ten years ago since I took the quinine."

The cure of the hiccough has proved permanent.

This patient is a most truthful Christian woman, and her statement is beyond question.

She has been a homœopath for many years, and my patient off and on for more than three years, during which time I have had to treat her for chronic sore throat, vertigo, palpitation, and at one time for great depression of spirits.



She had also previously mentioned her hiccough incidentally but I had forgotten all about it, and on this occasion she did not even mention it ; so far as the hiccough goes the cure was . . . a pure fluke ! But it set me a-thinking about the Hahnemannian doctrine of drug dynamization for the thousandth time, and has seriously shaken my *disbelief* in it.

Hiccough is a known effect of *Chininum sulfuricum* : Allen's Encyclopædia, vol. iii, p. 226, symptoms 370 and 379.

We note from this case that—

1. The effects of quinine, given for Tic in medicinal doses to a lady, may last for more than ten years, that—

2. *Natrum Muriatricum* in the sixth trituration antidotes this effect of quinine, while—

3. The same substance in its ordinary form, viz., common salt, does *not* antidote it even when taken daily in various quantities and in various forms for ten years. Inasmuch, then, as the crude substance fails to do what the triturated substance promptly effects, it follows, therefore, that—

4. *Trituration* does so alter a substance that it thereby acquires a totally new power, and consequently that—

5. The *Hahnemannian doctrine of drug dynami-*

zation is no myth, but *a fact in nature* capable of scientific experimental proof, and, inasmuch as the crude substance was taken daily for many years in almost every conceivable dose, in all kinds of solutions of the most varied strength, it results—

6, and lastly. That the *Hahnemannian method* of preparing drugs for remedial purposes is *not* a mere dilution, or attenuation, but *a positively power-evolving or power-producing process*, viz., *a true potentisation or dynamization*.

This case is probably as good a one as we may ever expect to get, and it might here fitly close the subject as far as its simple demonstration is concerned, but I have others in my case-book both corroborating it and presenting new features.

Before leaving this Case XI. let us reflect for a moment on the certainly immense number of modifying and perturbing influences this lady had been subject to during those ten years, as well as living at the sea-side and *including the daily use of salt*, and yet her hiccough persisted until *dynamized salt* was given.

Before coming to these conclusions I exhausted all my ingenuity in trying to explain it away, and that backed by no small amount of scepticism, but I cannot avoid them, do what I

will. Moreover, I require more scepticism not to believe it than to believe it.

I am thus in a dilemma: either I must believe in the doctrine of drug dynamization or disbelieve the most incontrovertible evidence of facts, which is the province of the demented.

Or canst thou, critical reader, being more ingenious and more sceptical than I, help me out of the dilemma? Fain would I believe thou canst, for this doctrine of drug dynamization seems to take away firm material ground from under one's feet and leaves one standing in the air.

This is rather a long account of a case of hiccough, but it taught me much, and that must be my excuse for not curtailing it.

### **Reason the Twelfth.**

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As you have not acknowledged my last communication, I will inflict a third case of hiccough upon you, and that will

be my twelfth reason for being a homœopath.

On March 29th, 1887, a young lady of ten was brought to me, her mother complaining that she suffered from bloodlessness, languor, biliousness, sore throat, nausea, faintness, frontal headaches, matutinal lassitude, poor memory, sour breath, risings in the throat, *hic-cough*, white and scant motions, pain in the left side on going up hill. I found an endocardial bruit, best heard at the base, and very notable enlargement of the spleen. Patient could not stand cold, had been only once vaccinated, and had varicella and measles.

You know I consider vaccination a disease, and I have ventured to call it vaccinosis, and have written a small book on the subject ; however, I am not concerned with that theme here, but with the greater subject of homœopathy, which

leads to the same prescription as my theory of vaccinosis. *Thuja occidentalis* 30 in infrequent doses *cured the hiccough*, reduced the spleen by about one-half, and, oddly enough, the endocardial bruit also disappeared. The cure of the hiccough by *Thuja* is, however, the point I desire to call your attention to more particularly. Now note that I have offered you three cases of hiccough, one cured by *Cyclamen Europæum*, the second by *Natrum muriaticum* and the last one by *Thuja occidentalis*; this diversity of remedial measures for a symptom such as hiccough exemplifies alike the spirit of homœopathy and the immensity of its mastership over disease. Nevertheless, to an outsider who does not understand homœopathy, this diversity of remedial measures constitutes a great stumbling-block, and has prevented many able, conscientious investigators from understanding it, and yet this is *the strength* of the system, rendering, however, its practice disgustingly diffi-

cult. All nature is our pharmacopœia, that is, for any homœopath who has grasped the subject, and who has learned to walk without crutches, and who is WILLING TO WORK! And although I have thus narrated three cases of hiccough, cured by as many different homœopathic remedies, still if you were to ask me what remedy I would recommend you to try for hiccough, I should only be able to say, "*that* remedy (not necessarily either of my three) which can be proved to be pathogenetically like the to-be-cured case of hiccough." I fear I am firing over your head!

### **Reason the Thirteenth.**

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QUITE so; I did not maintain that Hiccough was a mortal malady; what I do maintain is that it is often very

troublesome, and that homœopathy can cure it pleasantly and safely. More than a safe and pleasant cure I ask of no system of medicine. But, let me pass to my thirteenth reason, viz. :—

### CURE OF APHONIA BY ARNICA.

A well-known soprano singer came to me with aphonia: the throat was what is commonly called follicular and congested. You may have heard that the homœopaths think a good deal of Arnica for the ill effects of bruises, hurts, sprains, and the like, in fact for trauma in general. Well, after using numerous remedies in vain, it slowly became manifest to me that the *aphonia* in question was from an overstrained state of the vocal chords. Moreover, patient had a small pustule on the nape and mattery pimples on the skin.

*Arnica* cured the case, affording in its physiological action symptoms similar to it.

You will, perhaps, say that this *aphonia* case is also not a mortal malady. Will you once for all disabuse your mind of the very vulgar professional and popular error, according to which the homœopaths are said to claim to cure the incurable! Just note, at least for *your own information*, that the homœopaths make no such claim; what they say is this: Homœopathy cures what can be cured *much better* than any other system of medicine hitherto made known to the world. The homœopaths do *not* maintain that other systems are valueless, or that the homœopathic system is faultless, only that thus far in the art-treatment of disease by remedies homœopathy, by very long odds, beats all the records. Do you see?

Be that as it may, I trust that curing an old case of singer's aphonia with *Arnica* is a fairly sound reason for



being a homœopath ; any way it is my *thirteenth*.

*P.S.*—When I say that homœopathy does not claim to cure the incurable, that leaves the question of curability an open one ; homœopathy does *not* accept anything as incurable because certain physicians who are “regular” declare it to be so. Incapacity to cure does not render the uncured incurable. Kindly take a mental note of this, because what you “regulars” consider incurable may, or may not, be so considered by the homœopaths. My old pleuritic trouble was declared and proved to be incurable by and for the entire faculty, and yet the *Bryonia alba* of the homœopaths cured it !

### **Reason the *Fourteenth*.**

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You “do not believe that Arnica is any good for injuries, and, moreover, it

is a poisonous drug, causing very dangerous, or, at least, very severe erysipelas." I have nothing to do with your beliefs; clinical *facts* are what I am concerned with. I cured an old case of *aphonia* with Arnica, and an account of that I have sent you as my thirteenth reason for being a homœopath, whether you believe in the anti-traumatic virtues of Arnica or not is your affair: I fearlessly affirm that your scepticism would not have cured it anyhow.

Further, I did not deny that Arnica causes very severe and even dangerous erysipelas. Indeed I know it well, and have seen it, and out of your own mouth will I take my fourteenth reason for being a homœopath.

#### OLD CASE OF ERYSIPELAS CURED

BY ARNICA.

Some years since an eminent member of the Society of Friends wrote to

me stating that he had for a number of years been suffering from erysipelas of the face at odd intervals. I ordered him Arnica in a rather high dilution and in infrequent dose, and thereupon his erysipelas faded *and came no more*. Long afterwards he wrote me a very grateful letter, giving me much undue praise for having wit enough to see that the Almighty has His laws in therapeutics for the guidance of His poor, sick children.

I have it from you that *Arnica* causes erysipelas; I will not doubt *your* statement; you may now take it from me that *Arnica* cures erysipelas, and this I offer you as my fourteenth reason for being a homœopath. *You* know the bad character of Arnica in that it is apt to *cause* erysipelas; *I* tell you of its good fame, viz., that it possesses the power of curing erysipelas, and the intellectual link that completes the little chain is the law of likes that

God put into the mind of one Samuel to explain to the world.

### **Reason the Fifteenth.**

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You need not be so angry at my last Reason; *I* did not make Arnica grow in the world; *I* did not endow it with the power of causing erysipelas; and *I* did not discover the therapeutic law in question: I just use this law in order to cure my patients, even as I use the useful invention known as a spoon wherewith to partake of my broth. With me it is merely a means to an end; there is no hocus-pocus about it.

Just as I was writing you my last reason for being a homœopath, I was suddenly summoned by telegraph to a very severe case of quinsy. I hastened to the suffering damsel, and found that

various remedies had been used in vain, and the patient was in great distress, having been for twelve hours unable to swallow even a few drops of fluid. Not even the juice of one grape would pass, and some operative interference seemed absolutely imperative. I gave five grains of the third centesimal trituration of a remedy you may not be acquainted with, but which the heterodox homœopaths quaintly call *Baryta carbonica*, and which is now generally known as the Carbonate of Barium. In about a dozen hours patient ate a basin of bread and milk. I have often cured quinsies before in the same way, and I beg you to believe that the little trick has been done thousands of times by others, and though no clinical tip of mine, it nevertheless must serve you as my Fifteenth Reason—and not a bad one either, as said damsel would gratefully bear witness.

### **Reason the Sixteenth.**

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You remember my case of hiccup cured by *Natrum Muriaticum*? Well, while my mind is still dwelling on this very wonderful remedy, I will adduce another cure by it as my sixteenth reason for being a homœopath. In it you may again note the expansiveness of the conception of similitudes, for this case grew out of the hiccup case:—

John H——, *æt.* 29, seaman, came to me on April 21, 1878, telling me that he had had fever and ague two or three times a day, *with watery vomiting*, in Calcutta, in September, 1877. Was in the Calcutta hospital three weeks for it, and took emetics, quinine, and tonics. Left at the end of the three weeks cured; but before he was out of port the ague returned, or he got another,

and he had a five month voyage home to the port of Liverpool. During the first three months of this homeward voyage he had two, three, four, and five attacks a week, and took a good deal of a powder from the captain, which, from his description, was probably Cinchona bark, then the fever left him and the following condition supervened, viz., "Pain in right side under the ribs; cannot lie on right side; both calves very painful to touch, they are hard and stiff; left leg semiflexed, he cannot stretch it." In this condition he was two months at sea, and two weeks ashore; and in this condition he comes to me hobbling with the aid of a stick, and in great pain from the moving.

Urine muddy and red; bowels regular; skin tawny; conjunctivæ yellow.

Drinks about three pints of beer daily. I recommended him not to alter his mode of life till he is cured, and then

to drink less beer. The former part of the recommendation he followed, as I learned from his brother ; of the latter part I have no information.

The hiccup case bears directly on this one, as we have evidently to do with an ague suppressed with *Cinchona*. Therefore ordered *Nat. Mur.* 6 trit. Six grains in water every four hours.

April 27. Pain in side and leg went away entirely in three days, and the water cleared at once ; but the pain returned on the fourth day in the left calf only, which to-day is red, painful, swelled and pits. He walks without a stick.

Continue medicine.

May 4. Almost well ; feels only a very little pain in left calf when walking. Looks and feels quite well, and walked into room with perfect ease without any stick.



He thinks he had a cold shake a few nights ago. He continues to perspire every night; ever since he got the ague the sheets have to be changed every night.

Continue medicine.

May 11. Quite well.

I will here urge you to make a profound study of salt in all its bearings; but its being such a grand calorifacient in refracted dose, and curing this deadlock of ague and cinchona, will surely entitle it to be considered a very good reason for being a homœopath, since it cannot be so used on any other than homœopathic ground.

### **Reason the Seventeenth.**

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Not many years ago the daughter of a London alderman was suffering from

fearful neuralgia of the face ; at intervals she had had it for years, and no trouble or expense had been spared in endeavouring to cure it. Their ordinary family adviser was a homœopath, but he had not managed to cure this neuralgia, notwithstanding several consultations with colleagues, and other men of eminence had been consulted, but to no avail.

I found that the pain was worse in cold weather ; worse at the sea-side ; better away from the sea—inland, *i. e.*, not so frequent or severe, and when the pain came on the eyes watered. A pinch of the sixth trituration of *Natrum Muriaticum* in water three times a day cured my young patient in about three weeks ; and this anti-neuralgic action of *Nat. Mur.* must be my seventeenth reason for being a homœopath.

## **Reason the Eighteenth.**

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You ask how it then is that with all the merits which I claim for homœopathy, its practitioners should be in “such a contemptible minority in the profession?” I presume being in the minority does not necessarily mean to be in the wrong?

I suppose you hold that the world moves? There was a time when those who said so were in the minority, and not very far from the stake if they dared aver their belief!

You, personally, have devoted a good deal of attention to “diseases of the organs of circulation,” and you plume yourself rather (so I gathered in conversation with you) on knowing just a little more than most people on the “forces that carry on the circulation of the blood”—eh? Was not, once upon

a time, the nickname “circulator”—one who believed in Harvey’s discovery—a very opprobrious epithet indeed in our “liberal profession?” quite as bad as “homœopath” now; and did I one day not hear a great orator bring down the house by exclaiming “They are slaves who dare not be in the right with two or three?” Your “minority” argument is worn out.

Well, I wrote you the last time but one about the *calorifacient* power of *Natrum Muriaticum*, and you would like to know whether it acts upon a certain centre. I do not know its seat of action exactly, but I do know that it can often make a cold, chilly person feel warm; and that is no small thing.

Some years since I was attending one of the children of a widow in the neighbourhood of London, and having made a pretty good therapeutic hit—*homœopathically*, my friend!—she said

she should like to consult me on her own account for her nerves, and when we had gone into that matter, she said, "Ah, I suppose it is no use to consult you about my cold shivering fits, no one can do them any good."

They were in this wise: on going to bed at night she began to shudder and shiver, and on getting into bed and lying down, she would shiver to such a degree that her teeth chattered, and the movements of her body shook the bed. She had suffered this for years, and had been under a number of physicians for these cold shivers, but no one had ever touched them. She named five well-known homœopathic practitioners who had in vain tried their hands at it, one of these had since renounced homœopathy and all its ways, and previously he had tacitly given up the use of dynamized remedies, and loves now to ridicule them. Still, for all that, and all that, dynamized *Natrum Muriatricum* cured these cold shakes promptly and

permanently. Long afterwards this lady wrote that she kept a bottle of the medicine on her bedroom mantelpiece *au besoin*, or as we physicians so neatly put it, *pro re nata*, but never needed it.

I call *Natrum Muriaticum* my caloric-facient. Try it!

### Reason the Nineteenth.

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YES, you are quite right in saying that our *Natrum Muriaticum* is your *Sodium Chloride*, the common salt of our tables, and I am not at all surprised to learn that you cannot believe that it is in any sense a medicine. Many homœopathic practitioners are of the same opinion—but, bah! what have you and their *beliefs* to do with hard clinical *facts*? I have cured no inconsiderable number of cases of disease with *Natrum Muriaticum*—chilliness, swelled spleens, gout, constipation, and, above all, neuralgias ;

so what does it matter to me what you or they *think* about it? I KNOW.

Now I would like to cite one more experience of mine with *Natrum Muriatricum*, which, besides being very curious is also practically important, and then I will not trouble you further with *my* attic salt!

I can give it you in a very few words. A lady, wife of an officer, came over from India to be under my care. The difficulty in her case lay in this, that she was to stop with her husband's friends, who have a lovely place near the sea, in Sussex, but it usually upset her so much that she could not stay there. "And you know," said she, "it is so very unfortunate, for I can stay there for nothing and have the use of a carriage, and everything so very nice; and yet I am obliged to decline going there, and have to go to nasty lodgings by myself, which of course I have to pay for." Why can you not live at

your husband's place? "Oh! it is the sea; I am just the same on board ship—dreadfully ill."

Well, the burden of my song is just this—*Natrum Muriaticum* 6 trit. so modified this lady's state that she was not only able to stay at said place, but actually thereat enjoyed being and sitting by the sea.

This is my nineteenth reason for being a homœopath, and if you will thus accept it, I will promise you not to trouble you with anything more about the *Chloride of Sodium*, or *Natrum Muriaticum*, as it is called by the homœopaths.

### **Reason the Twentieth.**

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IF I had not promised to say no more about *Natrum Muriaticum*, I should have liked to narrate to you a very



interesting case cured by it ; a case of very severe headache—but I must keep my promise. I may, however, just say that the lady is the patient of a medical man, both living near one another at the sea-side, said gentleman having given himself some trouble to ridicule my published observations on the effects of *Natrum Muriaticum*—for all that *Nat. Mur.* cured the lady.

Telle est la vie—médicale.

The young wife of a country squire came to me at the beginning of the summer of 1877, with severe headache at the back, that had made her life sour for a good twelve-month ; she always woke with it ; it was throbbing ; and during the menses she also had a frontal headache. Left ovary a little swelled and tender. *Thuja occidentalis* in a rather high dilution and in infrequent dose cured her right of. She waited three months to see if the cure was real, and then wrote me a grateful

letter of thanks. Please let this cephalalgia, cured by *Thuja* 30, be my twentieth reason for being a homœopath.

### **Reason the Twenty-first.**

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You say “your letters lately would seem to be intended to show how very superior your homœopathy is to that of your co-practitioners.”

Well, that was certainly not my intention, but rather to show that people’s beliefs have often nothing to do with facts ; for instance you allopaths ridicule homœopathy, but that system of medicine is true all the same. Many practitioners of homœopathy ridicule some of the most brilliant clinical triumphs of the very system they belong to. In both cases the error is the same ; they both childishly suppose

that *their powers* are the limits of the possible. I was merely trying to show the fallaciousness of their judgment; and this is important, as the greatest enemies of homœopathy are often its own weak-kneed or incompetent practitioners. To explain what I mean more fully, let me give you as my twenty-first reason a case of

MENORRHAGIA OF FIFTEEN YEARS' STANDING CURED BY PHOSPHORUS.

THE lady was 51 years old, and so you may call it metrorrhagia if you so prefer, but there had been no break in the menses, which were still regular. She came to me in October, 1882, and told me of her trouble, and that it dated from a miscarriage 15 years before. She had often flooded at her confinements. *Phosphorus CC* cured her. She went much smaller in the waist, and told me she "felt like a young girl." She had other intercurrent remedies—

*Lachesis*, *Ferrum*, *Thuja* and *Arnica*, but it was the *Phosphorus* that cured the hæmorrhage, I having to return to it three separate times, with months between, and the last time I used *Phos. C.*

Now I cite this case because it is purely and exquisitely homœopathic, and yet the bulk of the homœopathic practitioners in the world do not believe in what are called high dilutions, and for all that this case was cured by such dilutions. It follows that either they or I must be mistaken; the lady who was thus cured would laugh in your face if you were to ask her to believe that she received from me other than very powerful remedies. And, indeed, they were very powerful. And just think of the gallons of *Steel Drops* and tonics that she had had in vain during those fifteen years of bleeding!

## Reason the Twenty-second.

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You tell me you are much mistaken in me, for you had always thought I was “for a homœopath a very big doser!” and that the *Phosphorus* I once mixed in a tumbler for your aunt actually “smoked”!

Perfectly true; I cannot discuss homœopathic (or, if you will, *my*) posology with you, but I will give you my rule, viz.: *The dose depends upon the degree of similitude*, the greater the similitude the higher the dilution and the less frequent the administration; the smaller the degree of similitude the lower the dose and the more frequent the repetitions of the dose. My own range of dose is from a few globules of the two-hundredth dilution at eight days intervals, down to ten drops of the mother tincture (of weak drugs of course) four times a day.

The dose is often quite as important as the remedy, and your exclusively low, as well as the exclusively high dilutionists, are only one-eyed practitioners, though of course kings among the blind, *i.e.*, the allopaths.

It is your fault that I have touched upon the vexed question of the dose, that is to homœopathy what the everlasting Irish question is in British politics.

My twenty-second reason for being a homœopath is one I published some years ago under the heading

CASE OF EXOSTOSIS OF RIGHT OS  
CALCIS CURED BY HECLÆ LAVA.

Dr. Garth Wilkinson went once to Iceland for a holiday, and observed that the animals which fed in the pastures where the finer ashes of Mount Hecla fall, suffered from immense maxillary and other exostoses. Being an ad-

herent of the scientific system of medicine founded for us by Samuel Hahnemann, he brought some *Hecla lava* home with him, and it has been already successfully used to cure affections similar to those which it is capable of causing.

On July 3, 1880, a young lady, *æt.* 15, came under my observation with an exostosis on her right os calcis, somewhat smaller and a little flatter than half a walnut shell. It was at times painful. Patient was in other respects in good health and well nourished, but her teeth were not very sound. She goes blue in winter, and suffers also very badly from chilblains both on hands and feet, worse on hands.

R. Trit. 2 *Heclæ Montis lavæ* ʒ iv.

S. Six grains three times a day.

17th. The exostosis is decidedly smaller : it never pains now.

Pergat.

September 25. The exostosis has entirely disappeared ; the two heels being compared, no difference between them can now be discovered.

*Heclæ lava* has been shown to consist of silica, alumina, calcium, and magnesia, with some ferric oxide. We are therefore not astonished that it can cause and cure exostoses.

Brother allopath, this is science in therapeutics; what have *you* to take its place? Give absorbents and paint the part with iodine? What guarantee can you give me that your absorbents will not absorb a bit of the pancreas or some small glands in lieu of the exostosis?

Or you are, also, true to *your* principle: *Contraria contrariis curantur*? Then pray tell me *what* is the *contrary* of an exostosis?

### Reason the Twenty-third.

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REFERRING to my remarks in my last letter but one, that so many of the practitioners of homœopathy do not believe in the so-called high dilutions, I should like to add a word or two, as I see by your reply (only just to hand) that you have mistaken my meaning. I do not mean that none of the homœopathic physicians believe in said dilutions, but that only a small minority of them, perhaps about one-fourth in this



country. Furthermore, my cure of hæmorrhage with Phosphorus is not only not “an isolated case of the kind,” but only one of a large number; in fact, scores of such cases were published in homœopathic literature long years before I knew anything about the subject. You evidently forget that I am precluded from getting my reasons from our literature.

And in case you might also think the same limitedness applies to the use of *Hecla lava* in exostosis, I may say that you can find other cases in our literature more striking than this one of mine, and—lest you should say faith did it—a Dublin physician cured his horse of a large exostosis with the same remedy! As my twenty-third reason for being a homœopath let me cite a

CASE OF CRANIAL EXOSTOSIS CURED  
BY AURUM MET.

The case was published long ago, and so I will not trouble you with

details: suffice it to say that the man who had the bony growth in his skull was completely and permanently cured by me with Metallic Gold in homœopathic preparation. Nor is this an isolated case of the kind, the thing has been done oft before, any time during the last fifty years, and even before that.

### **Reason the Twenty-fourth.**

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I AM very anxious to show the difference between curing a case empirically and doing so scientifically, that is to say, homœopathically, and a paper I once published on *Aralia* will do this, and also pay my twenty-fourth reason for being a homœopath. I choose this because you seem to think my singly given cases "isolated."

## THE COUGH OF ARALIA.

*Aralia Racemosa* is not an accepted homœopathic remedy, and Dr. Allen did not insert Dr. Jones's little proving in his *Encyclopædia*, but he has put it into the *Appendix*.

Dr. Hughes has also now added it to the list in his well-known *Pharmacodynamics*, but only as a supplementary remedy. So it seems to be just timidly peeping into our big drug-house. I know of no clinical experience with it beyond what we find in Hale's *Therapeutics*.

It appears that the plant has a great reputation in the United States as a cough medicine, and Professor E. M. Hale very properly says that this warrants us in expecting that it has at least some specific affinity for the respiratory organs. The common people have in some way found out that the "spikenard" is good for coughs, Hale comes and makes a note of it. A step farther is made by Dr. S. A. Jones, who made a proving of it in 1870, and thus lifted the popular cough medicine out of useful empiricism on to the scientific basis of Hahnemann's induction.

I happened to read Jones's proving in Hale's "New Remedies" some six or seven years ago, and I was much struck with the

character of the cough. I fancy the thing that helped to impress it upon my mind was the fact that I had had just at that period a lady under my care who was suffering from a cough that came on after lying down at night. I had been tinkering away at this cough, and could not cure it; so I blamed the damp house in which the lady resided, and its proximity to a brook prettily hidden among the willows close by. Hyoscyamus, Digitalis, and a number of other remedies came into play, but the cough would not budge a bit. Need I tell the heartrending tale that the patient lost faith in her doctor (the writer) and in his much-vaunted pathy, and set about healing herself with quack medicines and orthodox sedative cough mixtures? Of course I felt humiliated, and I therefore made up my mind to read my *Materia Medica* a little more diligently. It was quite evident that the cough was a curable one, for the most careful physical examination failed to detect anything besides a few moist râles that tallied with the very moderate amount of expectoration.

Failures are very instructive at times.

Just after having received my *cong  * from this lady I was reading Hale's "New Remedies," and came across Dr. S. A. Jones's proving of *Aralia Racemosa*, where he says:—"At 3 p.m. I took ten drops of the mother tincture

in two ounces of water. An interesting book caused me to forget my 'dose.' The events of the night jogged my memory very effectually."

He goes on to say that he retired to rest at midnight, feeling as well as ever, but he "had no sooner lain down than he was seized with a fit of asthma."

I put down the book—Hale's "New Remedies" was not quite so thick then as it is now—and said to myself, "That's Mrs. N's cough, that is just how she does. She lies down and forthwith begins to cough, to get laboured breathing, and to—make her poor hard-toiling husband wish he were a bachelor;" at least he might have wished it, for aught I know to the contrary.

A little time elapsed, and the writer was sent for to see one of this coughing lady's children with eczema. The bairn's common integument having been prescribed for, I timidly inquired about the cough. "Oh," said Mrs. N., "it is as bad as ever; I have tried everything, and do not know what to do." I sat down and wrote:

R. Tc. *Aralia racemosæ* 2," and it cured *citò, tutò, et jucunde*, and that not because *Aralia* is good for coughs, and has an affinity for the respiratory organs merely, but because it is

capable of causing a cough like the one that was to be cured.

This happened somewhere about six or seven years ago, and I have since cured this kind of cough with *Aralia* whenever I have come across it, and at a rough guess I should say that would be thirty or forty times.

CASE II.—*Tussis Araliæ*.—A lady came under my observation last summer. She resides in the West End of London, and had been under competent homœopathic treatment for her throat, and had certainly derived benefit, but still her cough did not leave her, so that she was on the point of removing from London and going to the South, whereof she is a native, she and her friends having become apprehensive lest her chest should become affected. Her cough was not identical with Mrs. N.'s, but the only difference was that it *did not come on till after a first sleep* of not long duration. Patient would go to bed quite well (so did Mrs. N., and so did Dr. S. A. Jones) and lie down and go to sleep, and, *after a short sleep*, would wake up with a severe fit of coughing that would last an hour or more.

*Aralia* 3 cured it entirely in a few days, and she gave up all idea of returning to the South.

CASE III.—*Tussis Araliæ*.—A child of not quite six gets croupy coughs in damp weather that usually yield to *Dulcamara*. Occasionally, however, there remains the kind of nocturnal cough described in case 2—viz., she will go to bed, lie down, fall off to sleep, and presently awake with a violent bout of coughing. Originally, before thinking of *Aralia* I had in vain given *Hyoscyamus*, *Gelseminum*, *Aconitum*, *Spongia*, *Hepar*, *Dulcamara*, *Phosphorus*, and *Bryonia*. Then the early nocturnal character of the cough determined me to try *Aralia*, and with prompt effect.

CASE IV.—*Tussis Araliæ*.—An asthmatic gentleman of fifty years of age, with moderate emphysema of the lungs, has long been under my care. At first he was almost always short of breath on exertion, and had bad nocturnal attacks of dyspnœa and cough. A prolonged course of constitutional treatment has at last partially cured him, but when he catches a cold he gets an attack of bronchial catarrh with early nocturnal cough.

It would be tedious to give the treatment of his whole case, but it will suffice to say it consisted principally of antipsorics and hepatics.

One day this gentleman said he wished I could give him a medicine for his cough, to have

by his bedside at night, because otherwise when he caught cold (as at this time) he would go to bed quite well, fall asleep, and presently awake with a violent fit of asthma that would last from one to two hours, more or less; then he would get up a little phlegm and go to sleep again.

I prescribed one-drop powders of *Aralia* 3x, *pro re natâ*. The next time I had occasion to see this gentleman he exclaimed. "I thought those powders would have killed me. I took one as you directed, when my cough became much more violent than I had ever known it, but it soon ceased, and has never returned."

He keeps some of these powders by his bedside ever since, and on various occasions they have helped him, thus far unfailingly. He has not had an aggravation since the first time of using them.

These cases are samples only, but they teach a useful lesson; to give more than these would be irksome.

It will be seen that *Aralia*, although a new remedy, is a comparatively old friend of mine, and I can confidently commend it for *early nocturnal cough that occurs either immediately on lying down, or MORE COMMONLY after a first fore-midnightly sleep.*



Professor Samuel Jones's cough was immediately after he had lain down, but it will be noted that he did not retire till midnight, whereas all my patients, I believe, went to bed before. From a fairly extensive experience of *Aralia* as a cough remedy I have formed the conclusion that it is homœopathic to its cough by reason of its *time* and *patient's recumbent position*.

It is *no good*, I believe, in coughs occurring *at any time* on lying down, neither does it avail in a cough caused by a relaxed uvula; neither will it, as far as I am aware, cure any lung lesion whatsoever beyond bronchial irritation and catarrh. And most positively *it is no good at all* in the after-midnightly or 2 or 3 a.m. dyspnœa and cough of genuine asthma. In such cases I have given it in vain. But for the previously described variety of cough it is a *remedium probatissimum*. Here, for the thousandth time, we see the exactness of our homœopathic science. In conclusion, my thanks to Professor Hale for introducing my now dear friend *Aralia*, and my still greater gratitude to Professor Samuel Jones for the more intimate scientific acquaintance. As homœopaths we owe a deep debt of gratitude to drug provers.

### **Reason the Twenty-fifth.**

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IT may be about three years ago or thereabouts that it was my duty to give an opinion on the state of a gentleman of middle age, resident in London, and who was considered in a dying state. He had not much faith in any medical man, or in any pathy, and had for years wandered from one physician to another for his serious heart disease and frightful dyspepsia. The allopaths did him most good, he thought, on the whole, with their remedies, but the good effects did not last. The prescriptions showed that his state had been correctly diagnosed, and not badly treated from their standpoint. He received in turns cordials, iodides, antacids, and tonics, but his disease—aneurysm of the aorta—got worse.

The homœopaths had treated him symptomatically—and he had plenty of

symptoms—and once or twice he really thought he was cured for a day or two, but then he became suddenly as bad as ever—his aneurysm evidently got larger.

When I first saw him he seemed almost moribund, and had received the last rites of the church.

After going over his case well, and taking into account the state of his tissues and organs and the size of his aneurysm, so far as that could be determined, I gave as my opinion that he might slowly get better, and be eventually cured of his disease.

That gentleman has since married, and the aneurysm, though not yet quite gone, is slowly yielding to homœopathic treatment, freely applied under diagnostic common sense.

The principal remedies were Aurum met., Chelidonium majus, Carduus, Ceanothus, Glandium quercus, Aconitum, Ferrum, Cactus grand., and

Baryta Muriatica, the first named and the four last being directly—specifically—curative. My knowledge of the use of Barium is due to Dr. Flint, and this is not the first or second time that homœopathy has cured aneurysm.

I saw my patient walking along the street a few days since with his wife, and I was quite struck with his healthy, ruddy appearance. This power of homœopathy over aneurysm gives my twenty-fifth reason for being a homœopath—and that lands me just half way with my fifty reasons. Have you thus far conceived any greater respect for homœopathy, or can you explain *all* my reasons away? At least you are beginning to see that my statement at your uncle's house was not boastfulness, but a mere statement of fact. Pray understand that I am not the least desirous of making you, or anybody else, a homœopath; it makes no difference

whatever to me. Nor does it make any difference to truth: truth will get on very well without any of you.

Nor do I anticipate any particular good from all this scribbling of my fifty reasons to you; I do it just to substantiate my own position, and slap the jeering ignorance of orthodoxy in the face.

### **Reason the Twenty=sixth.**

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You complain that I indulge in too much abuse, and that I am unnecessarily pugnacious and offensive. Perhaps so. Did you not have the impertinence to call the homœopaths quacks? You who know nothing about what they do! And do not you allopaths, every man of you, go about day by day and slander the homœopaths?

You allopaths bear false witness against your homœopathic neighbours

every day of your lives—did I not once hear you say to your aunt at table, “Oh, yes, auntie, take some of your little homœopathic pilules, *they won't hurt!*”

You said I must give you my fifty reasons out of my own life's work, as I had promised, or “come down the tree.”

Well, I sit firmly on a very big bough of the old tree of truth, and it is not an ignorant allopath who will ever dislodge me.

It may be half-a-dozen years ago that an unusually beautiful, sweet girl, a good way in her twenties, residing in an important provincial town, was noticed to fade and get weak, with peculiar ill-defined throat symptoms, weakness in her back, rectal and uterine irritation, weakness and emaciation. People could not think what had come over her. She is one of those human high-breds who will not cave in, but if

duty calls, will go on till they drop : till then , existing on their “go” rather than on their physique.

In life they are commonly misunderstood, and because they can put on a spurt or clear a very high-fenced difficulty *au besoin*, the unknowing and non-observant think they are really strong but are lazy or sham.

“ Oh, she nursed her nieces for weeks and never had her clothes off, but did not seem to mind it a bit, and now she would have you believe she is so delicate ; she shams, it’s all put on.” But it is not put on at all ; if you will examine their heads you will find the animal sphere almost entirely absent.

Dr. R. M. Tuttle, speaking on this point, says :—

“ Some men can do with ease as much physical labour as would kill other men. The same is true of mental labour. A man like Gladstone can take on himself a course of work the mere attempting of which would effectually

silence anyone else. He is a man with a large, highly organised brain, but he possesses besides the well-balanced organs of animal life which are required to generate the energy that such brains can transmute into intellectual force. To be able to do the full measure of work of a man, it is necessary to be a good animal."

The lady in question has the most exquisitely intellectual development, a wonderful arch of cerebrum, but no occipital power worth while.

Well, the patient in question had been through a domestic trial and had *bent*; some thought she had *broken*.

A good, kind, gentle allopathic physician, who was wont to attend the family, also attended her, and diagnosed Bright's disease of the kidneys. Said he to her mother, "I am truly sorry to have to tell you that Miss —— has a disease of the kidneys that cannot be cured; you must take care of her; she must wear flannel all over, and avoid



cold and damp ; she may last with care a very long time, but you must not expect her to get well."

Much family council was held together, and the outlook being dark and hopeless, the young lady was brought to me.

Homœopathy cured her in about eight months, and the young lady thereupon got married, and has now several bouncing children, and she herself continues in good health, not a vestige of albumen has been in the urine for nearly five years. What cured her? *Mercurius vivus*. She took two doses a day for many months. I did not hit it right off, but tried two or three remedies at first without avail.

This is my twenty-sixth reason for being a homœopath, and it alone were amply sufficient ; and whether it be God's will that I die to-night, or live for another fifty years, I feel that while I do live, I am in duty bound to fight the

good fight of homœopathy with all the power I possess : were I to do less I should be afraid to die.

Young man, the responsibility of *not* being a homœopath is very terrible.

### **Reason the Twenty-seventh.**

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#### POST-ORBITAL NEURALGIA OF TWENTY YEARS' STANDING

MUST be my 27th reason for being a homœopath. This case (which came under observation on January 9th, 1882) is one of considerable interest on various accounts. Its subject, a lady of rank, over fifty years of age, had been in turns, and for many years, under almost all the leading oculists of London for this neuralgia of the eyes, *i.e.*, terrible pain at the back of the

eyes; coming on in paroxysms and confining her to her room for many days together; some attacks would last for six weeks. Some of the neuralgic pain, however, remained at all times. Her eyes had been examined by almost every notable oculist in London, and no one could find anything wrong with them structurally, so it was unanimously agreed and declared to be *neuralgia of the fifth nerve*. Of course no end of tonics, anodynes, and alteratives had been used. The oculists sent her to the physicians and these back again to the oculists. The late Dr. Quin and other leading homœopaths had been tried, but "no one had ever touched it."

Latterly, and for years, she had tried nothing; whenever an attack came on, she would remain in her darkened bedroom, with her head tied up, bewailing her fate. To me she exclaimed "My existence is one life-long crucifixion!"

I should have stated that the neuralgia was preceded and accompanied by influenza. In the aggregate these attacks of influenza and post-orbital neuralgia confined her to her room nearly half the year. In appearance she was healthy, well-nourished, rather too much *embonpoint*, and fairly vigorous. A friend of hers had been benefited by homœopathy in my hands, and she therefore came to me "in utter despair."

These are the simple facts of the case, though they look very like piling up the agony! Now for the remedy. The resources of allopathy had been exhausted, and, moreover, I have no confidence in them anyway; homœopathy—and good homœopathy too, for the men tried knew their work—had also failed. Do-nothing, now much in vogue, had fared no better. I reasoned thus: This lady tells me she has been vaccinated five or six times, and being thus

very much vaccinated, she may be just suffering from chronic vaccinosis, one chief symptom of which is a cephalalgia like hers, so I forthwith prescribed *Thuja* (30). It cured, and the cure has lasted till now. The neuralgia disappeared slowly; in about six weeks (February 14, 1882) I wrote in my case book "The eyes are well!"

As I have not heard from the patient for some time, I am just writing a note to her to know whether the neuralgia has thus far (December 30, 1882) returned. The reply I will add.

Of course, it does *not* follow that because *Thuja* cured this case of neuralgia of some twenty years' standing that *therefore* the lady was suffering from *vaccinosis*; that *Thuja* DID cure it is incontrovertible, and my vaccinosis hypothesis led me to prescribe it. More cannot be maintained. At least the case must stand as a clinical triumph for *Thuja* (30)—this much is absolute.

In reply to my enquiry, I received the following:

“Jan. 1 (1883).

“ . . . I have been in very much stronger health ever since I crossed your threshold, and excepting one or two *attempts* at a return from the enemy, I have been quite free from suffering. . . . ”

This lady continues well of her post-orbital neuralgia at the time of going to press. After the disappearance of the neuralgia she had several other remedies from me for dyspeptic symptoms.

### **Reason the Twenty-eighth.**

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LET this reason be a case of—

CHRONIC HEADACHE OF NINE  
YEARS' DURATION.

Miss G —, *æt.* 19, came under my care on March 12, 1881, complaining of bad attacks of headache for the

past nine years. She said it was as if the back of her head were in a vice, and then it would be frontal, and throbbing as if her head would burst. She was very pale, and her forehead looked shiny and in places brown.

These "head attacks" occurred once or twice a week.

Tendency to constipation ; menses regular ; an old sty visible on left eyelid ; poor appetite ; dislikes flesh-meat ; liver enlarged a little ; had a series of boils in the fall of 1880.

Feet cold ; used to have chilblains. For years cannot ride in an omnibus, or in a cab, because of getting pale and sick ; skin becomes rough in the wind ; lips crack ; gets fainty at times.

To have *Graphites* 30.

April 13th. — Appetite and spirits better, but otherwise no change ; questioned as to the duration of the head attacks, she tells me the last but

one continued for three weeks—the last, three days. Over the right eye there is a red, tender patch; *has two or three white-headed pustules* on her face.

Was vaccinated at three months, re-vaccinated at seven years, and again at fourteen. Had *small-pox about ten years ago*.

Thus here was a case that had had small-pox ten years ago, or thereabouts, for she could not quite fix the date, and had been vaccinated three times besides, once subsequent to the small-pox!

*Tc. Thuja Occidentalis*, 3iv. 3x.

To take five drops in water twice a day.

May 13th.—Much better: has only had one very slight headache lasting an hour or two; the frontal tender patch is no longer tender; no further faintness at all. Lips crack. The pustules in the face gone and skin quite clear.

To have *Thuja* 12, one drop at bedtime.



June 17th.—Was taken ill yesterday fortnight with soreness of stomach; fever; nausea and perspiration. Subsequently spots broke out like pimples, eight on the face, one each on the thumb and wrist, one on the foot, and two on the back—they filled with matter, were out five days, became yellow, and then died away. Her mother says the symptoms were just the same as when patient had the small-pox. Her headaches were well just before this bout came on.

July 1st.—Continues well.

27th. — The headaches have not returned.

Feb. 24th, 1882. — The cure holds good, for she has had no headache and is otherwise well. She had subsequently some other remedies for the little tumour on her eyelid and for a small exostosis on lower jaw, but she had received nothing but *Thuja* when the

cephalalgia disappeared, and it was two or three weeks before the next medicine followed.

Some months after this date this young lady was brought by her mother merely to show me how well she was, and to take final leave of me ; two years later I learned from her mother that she continued well, so the cure is permanent.

An interesting feature in this case is the curious attack which came on at the beginning of June. My reading of it is that it was really a proving of *Thuja*, or a general organismic reaction called forth by it ; and this sent me often up to the thirtieth dilution in my subsequent use of *Thuja*, though I have occasionally found the third decimal dilution answer better than the thirtieth.

But this is not the point of my thesis, for this case was cured by the low dilution, and when the low dilutions cure, and cure promptly, even though not

very agreeably, but well, it cannot be necessary to go up any higher, especially as one's faith is sufficiently on the stretch without it.

## Reason the Twenty-ninth.

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### ENLARGED GLANDS.

#### APEX-CATARRH.

MASTER C——, *æt.* 11½, came under my care on August 18th, 1881, complaining of a cough, worse at 7.30 p.m.; he also coughed by day and through the night, but it did not wake him. He perspired fearfully, worst on the head, and worse during the night. Over upper half of left lung one heard moist crackling *râles*. The cervical lymphatic glands at the top of the apex of left lung were indurated and distinctly "feelable." He weighed 5st. 4lbs. The vaccination scars were on

the left arm, and the glands over the apex of right lung were not indurated. Induration of the lymphatics on the left side of the neck (the vaccination being performed on that side) is the rule after vaccination, as anyone may observe for himself if he will take the trouble to examine a *healthy* child just before vaccination and any time thereafter. I say: *any time thereafter*, for the thing generally persists for a very long time, unless cured by medical art.

*Thuja* 30, m.ii. Sac. lac. q.s. Fiat pulv. Tales xxiv. One, three times a day.

Aug. 27th.—Is well of cough, but the sweats continue. To take no medicine.

Sept. 6th.—The most careful examination of chest reveals no *râle*; there is no cough; the sweats have quite ceased; the said cervical lymphatics can *not* be found. The boy now weighs 5st. 8lbs., so that he has gained 4lbs. in weight since he got the *Thuja*.

Discharged cured.

The boy had been at school, and was sent home to his parents by the school physician on account of his obstinate cough, and because his general symptoms excited alarm. To me it appeared to be the first stage of phthisis. That the boy should increase in weight at home just after returning from school is, of course, not necessarily due to the medicine; home life, too, would improve his nutrition generally, and would perhaps also account for the disappearance of the apex-catarrh, cough and perspirations. But what is to account for the disappearance of the induration of the cervical glands?

### **Reason the Thirtieth.**

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OF course you will perceive that what I understand by vaccinosis has no

necessary connection with homœopathy, the *Thuja* being homœopathic to the cases.

As my thirtieth reason for being a homœopath you will allow me to cite another *Thuja* case, viz., one of

ACNE OF FACE AND NOSE, AND  
NASAL DERMATITIS.

A YOUNG lady, about twenty years of age, was brought by her mother to me on October 28th, 1882. Patient had a very red, pimply nose, not like the red nose of the elderly bibber, or like that due to dyspepsia or to tight lacing, but a pimply, scaly, nasal dermatitis, which extended from the cutaneous covering of the nose to that of the cheeks, but appearing here more as facial acne. The nasal dermatitis was, roughly, in the form of a saddle. Of course this state of things in an otherwise pretty girl of twenty was painfully and humiliatingly unpleasant to her and to her

friends, in fact it was likely to mar her future prospects very materially, more especially as it had already existed for six years, and was making no signs of departing. She also complained of obstinate constipation. The pimples of the nose and face used to get little white mattery heads.

℞ *Thuja Occidentalis* 30.

November 30th. — Pimples of face decidedly better. Nose less red. Constipation no better.

℞ *Thuja Occidentalis* 100.

January 3rd, 1883.—The face is free ! Her mother gratefully exclaims, “ She is wonderfully better.” I ask the young lady which powders did her *most good* ; she says, “ The *last*.” The skin of the nose is normal, but the constipation is no better, and for this she remains under treatment.

That *Thuja* cured this case is incontrovertible.

## **Reason the Thirty-first.**

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### NEURALGIA OF RIGHT EYE.

MR. —, a gentleman of position and means, about fifty years of age, came to consult me on 28th June, 1882, for a neuralgia of the right eye.

He complained of almost constant pain in right eye ever since Christmas, 1881, *i.e.*, just about six months. Had had neuralgia in head and shoulders in 1866, and so much morphia had been injected in his shoulders by a doctor in Scotland that it almost killed him : for seven or eight hours it was doubtful if he would recover.

Has a brown, eczematous, itchy (at night) eruption on both shins and between the toes. The neuralgia of right eye, and for which he comes to me, is bad both day and night, but rather



worse at night. Mr. (now Sir William) Bowman had examined the eye and declared it to be neuralgia, the eye being normal. Mr. White Cooper had done the same.

On my enquiring when he was last vaccinated, he seemed completely frightened, and stammered out rapidly, "I should not like to be vaccinated again."

"Why?"

"I was very seedy the last time I was vaccinated; in fact, I felt awfully ill for about a month," and he again hurriedly protested that he would not like to be vaccinated again. The vaccination that had made him so ill was either in 1852 or 1853.

This seemed to me to be a case of vaccinal neuralgia, and therefore I ordered *Thuja* 30, in infrequent dose. This was on the 28th of June, 1882.

July 8th.—But very little pain after the first powder. To have the same medicine again.

The cure proved permanent, and is interesting as proof of the rapidity with which the *most like* remedy can cure a neuralgia.

### **Reason the Thirty-second.**

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BEING a case of

DISEASED FINGER-NAILS.

On December 22nd, 1882, a young lady of 26 came under my care for an ugly state of the nails of her fingers. Naturally a lady of her age would not be indifferent to the state of her nails. These nails are indented rather deeply, and in addition to these indentations there are black patches on the under surface of the nails, reaching into the

quick. Very slight leucorrhœa occasionally. She had chicken-pox as a child of eleven. On her shoulders there is an eruption of roundish patches, forming mattery heads. The black patches have existed these eighteen months.

I ordered *Thuja* 30 (one in 6).

March 19th, 1883.—Has continued the *Thuja* 30 for just about three months, with the results that within a fortnight from commencing with it the black patches under the nails began to disappear, and there is now no trace of them.

I will not trouble you with any more reasons based on the therapeutic action of *Thuja*.

You want to know whether I really claim that homœopathy can cure cataract with medicines. You know very well that that has been my contention for a number of years; but I will revert to that again.

### **Reason the Thirty-third.**

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As my thirty-third reason for being a homœopath I propose to give you a case of cataract cured by medicines. You said in one of your letters to me that you would like to see the man who could dissolve a case of genuine senile cataract with medicines. Well, I will recount to you how I was converted myself.

The limits of the curable and of the incurable are not represented by any fixed lines ; what is incurable to-day may be curable to-morrow, and what we all of this generation deem incurable, may be considered very amenable to treatment in the next generation.

When walking the hospitals years ago I was taught, in respect of cataract, that there was nothing for it but an operation ; a few months since, I spent a little time at an excellent metropolitan hospital for the eye, and found that that is still the one thing taught, viz., if

you have a cataract, there is no hope for you beyond that of getting blind, and then trying to get your sight again by having the cataractous lens removed.

On the twenty-eighth of May, 1875, I was sent for to see a lady suffering from acute ophthalmia. She informed me that her friend, Dr. Mahony, of Liverpool, had recommended her to try Homœopathy when she should again require medical aid, and had also mentioned my name to her. She seemed rather ashamed of calling in the aid of a disciple of Hahnemann, and was very careful to lay all the blame upon Dr. Mahony: for, said she, I know nothing about it. My patient was in a darkened room, and hence I could not well see what manner of woman she was; but I soon learned she was the widow of an Indian officer, had spent many years in India, where she had had ophthalmia a great many times, and that she was in the habit of getting ophthalmia once or twice a year, or even oftener ever since. It generally lasted several weeks, and then got better; no kind of treatment seemed to be of any great avail. Did I think Homœopathy would do her any good? I replied that we would try it.

I made an attempt at examining the eye, by lifting up one of the laths of the venetian blind to let in the light, and then everting the lid;

but the photophobia and consequent blepharospasm were so great that I barely succeeded in recognising that the right eye was a red, swelled mass, while the left one was only comparatively slightly affected, in fact, a case of panophthalmitis. A more minute examination was impossible, as the pain was so great that the patient screamed whenever any light was let into the eye. I took a mental note of the chief symptoms, notably, of the fact that the inflammation was chiefly confined to the right eye, and went home and worked out the homœopathic equation; I was specially anxious to make a hit, and so I spent about half-an-hour at the differential drug-diagnosis. The drug I decided upon was phosphorus. Thus:

R. Tc. Phos. 1. m. xij. Sac. lac. q. s. Div. in p. æq. xij.

S. One in a little water every hour.

That would be *about* the one-hundredth part of a grain of phosphorus at a dose, or rather less.

I called the next day, about eighteen hours thereafter, and my patient opened the door herself, slightly screening her eyes with her hand, and quite able to bear a moderate amount of light. The inflammation was nearly gone; the next day it was quite gone.

Patient's amazement was great indeed ; in all the twenty years of these ophthalmic attacks she had suffered much, and had had a number of doctors, including London oculists to treat her, but to no purpose. And yet she had been treated *actively*, and there had been no lack of physic and leeches, and also no lack of medical skill ; but there was lacking in their therapeutics the one thing needful . . . THE LAW OF SIMILARS.

How was it that I, with no very *special* knowledge of the eye or of its diseases, and with only usual practical experience, could thus beat skilled specialists and men of thrice my experience?

Was it, perhaps, greater skill, deeper insight into disease, more careful investigation of the case ? By no means. . . It was just the law of similars, patiently carried out in practice.

My dear allopathic *confrère*, WHY are you so very simple that you leave us homœopaths with this enormous advantage over the *best* of you ? Any little homœopathic David can overcome the greatest allopathic giant if he will only keep to his *Materia Medica*, and the *directions of Hahnemann*. And the good thing lies so near, and is so constantly thrown at you. If we homœopaths were only to make a secret of our

art, you would petition the Government to purchase it of us.

But *revenons à nos moutons*. My patient was naturally very grateful and said, "If that is homœopathy, I wonder if it could cure my cataract?" On examining the eyes now with some care one could readily perceive that there were opacities behind the pupils, that of the right being the much more extensive. She then informed me that she had had cataract for some years, and was waiting for it to get ripe so as to undergo an operation. She had been to two London oculists about it, and they agreed both as to diagnosis and prognosis and eventual operative treatment. She had waited a year and gone again to one of these eye-surgeons and been told that all was satisfactorily progressing, although but slowly; it was thought it might take another two years before an operation could be performed. Her vision was also getting gradually worse, and she could not see the parting in her hair at the looking-glass, or the names over the shops, or on the omnibuses in the street; could see better in the dusk than in broad daylight.

In answer to her question as to the curability of cataract with medicines, I said I had no personal experience whatever on the subject, beyond one case, and I thought that from the



nature of the complaint, one could hardly expect medicines to cure it, or even affect it at all. Still, some few homœopaths had published such cases, and others had asserted that they sometimes did really succeed in curing cataract with homœopathic treatment. I added that, inconceivable as it was to me, yet I had no right to question the veracity of these gentlemen, simply because they claimed to do what *seemed* impossible.

In fine, I agreed, at patient's special request, *to try to cure her cataract with medicines given on homœopathic lines!*

I must confess that I smiled a little at my own temerity. But I consoled myself thus: What *harm* could it do to treat her while she was waiting to get blind? At the worst I should *not* prevent it!

So it was agreed she should report herself every month or so, and I would each time prescribe for her a course of treatment.

All this was there and then agreed to.

She took from May 29th to June 19th, 1875, *Calcarea Carbonica* 30, and *Chelidonium* 1. One pilule in alternation 3 times a day. Thus she had two doses of the *Calcarea* one day, and one the next, and conversely of the *Chelidonium*.

There were indications for both remedies, though I cannot defend the alternation; I hope I alternate less frequently now.

Then followed *Asa foetida* 6, and *Digitalis Purp.* 3.

Then Phosphorus 1, and subsequently Sulphur 30, and then *Calcarea* and *Chelidonium*.

Thus I continued ringing the changes on Phosphorus, Sulphur, *Chelidonium*, *Calcarea Carbonica*, *Asa foetida*, and *Digitalis*, till the beginning of 1876.

On February 17th, 1876, I prescribed *Gelsemium* 30 in pilules, one three times a day; this was continued for a month.

Then I gave the following course of drug treatment:—*Silicea* 30 for fourteen days; *Belladonna* 3 for fourteen days; Sulphur 30 three times a day for a week, and then Phosphorus 1, for a fortnight.

A month or so after this date, March 20, 1876, I one morning heard some very loud talking in the hall, and my patient came rushing in and crying in quite an excited manner that she could almost see as well as ever. She explained that latterly she *seemed* able to discern objects and persons in the street much better than formerly, but she thought it must be fancy, but

that morning she suddenly discovered that she could see the parting in her hair, and she at once started to inform me of the fact, and, *en route*, she further tested her vision by reading the names over the shops which she previously could not see at all.

I ordered the same course of treatment again, and in another two months the lenticular (*or* capsular) opacities completely disappeared, and her vision became and remained excellent.

She never had any recurrence of the ophthalmia, and she remained about a year and a half in my neighbourhood in good health; she then went abroad again, and in her letters to her friends since she makes no mention of her eyes or sight, and hence I fairly conclude that she continues well.

The patient's age is now about 50 or 51.

I have detailed this case somewhat circumstantially, so that my conversion to a belief in the medicinal curability of cataract may appear to others as it does to me.

This case made a considerable stir in a small circle, and a certain number of cases of cataract have since come under my care in consequence, and the curative results I have obtained in their treatment are extremely encouraging.

And I may add that I published this in the year 1880, and since then I have partially or completely cured a number of cases of cataract with remedies, and this power I possess because I am privileged to be a homœopath.

### **Reason the Thirty-fourth.**

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You ask me whether the homœopaths as a body endorse my views as to the amenability of cataract to medicines.

My answer is that some do and some do not, but that is not material; the task is *very* difficult and not within the power of every physician who happens to practise on homœopathic lines: the higher and highest work of which homœopathy is capable depends upon the capacity of the operating clinical

artist, *i. e.*, upon the homœopathic practitioner. What I claim for homœopathy is what *I have done* with its aid myself; other physicians will be able to do more and some less.

As my thirty-fourth reason for being a homœopath I will cite the details of a case of cataract, begun in May, 1884, and ended in May, 1886.

Mrs. V——, *æt.* 66, came under my observation on May 20, 1884. She came through a friend whose cataract had been cured by me with medicines.

Mrs. V.'s history is this : In November, 1882, and in April, 1883, she had been operated upon for cataract of the right eye. Inflammation set in, and the eye was lost. Now her left eye has cataract, the lens having a grey look, and her vision is much impaired; she wears spectacles, but can no longer sew or thread a needle with their aid. Her father and his sister had cataract.

Patient's skin is scaly and pimply, more particularly that of the face.

Rx Tc. Sulph. 30.

℥ iv.

S. Five drops in water night and morning.

August 30.—Since last date I sent her a medicine, but omitted to note it. She thinks her sight clearer.

Calc. Carb. 30.

Oct. 29.—“ I am thankful to say my sight keeps better, only I am nervous, and everything falling makes me jump.”

Thuja 30.

Dec. 2.—“ I feel my sight improving.”

Causticum 100.

January 1, 1885.—“ I am thankful to tell you my sight is much better ; I can now see wonderfully well to read and write with my spectacles on, and I can see very well to go about or do anything in the house without the spectacles.”

Rep.

March 25.—“ Cannot bear the light so well ; the eye which is blinded waters very much.”

Psor. 100.

April 28.—Bad cold.

Puls. 1x.

May 2.—On this day the patient paid me her second visit, and the note in my case-book runs, “ The left lens is decidedly less milky ; can see to thread a needle.”

Rep.

July 2.—“ My eye is not quite so clear.”

Silicea 30.

August 27.—No change.

Causticum C.

October 3.—Better of self and sees better.

Rep.

Jan. 18, 1886.—No further change.

Rep.

March 9.—About the same as three months ago.

Puls. 1x.

May 18.—Vast improvement ; can read, write, and see well, and there is now only the faintest opacity of the lens.

I heard from her in October, 1887, and her vision continued in the same excellent state, and she is now just on seventy years of age.

So you see here one eye had been lost through the operation for cataract, and nevertheless the cataract in the other eye has been cured. I do not say the lens is at the centre as clear as yours or mine, but the cataract is gone, and that little rest of opacity does not affect the vision at all appreciably, and is not of the nature of progressive cataract, but is the remaining bit of it that nature cannot get rid of, but it is no longer cataract but its stationary remains.

Does this case convince you ?



### Reason the Thirty-fifth.

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IT is the merest folly on your part to pretend to question my diagnosis of cataract, whatever truth there may have been in such objections, when I cured my first case nearly a dozen years ago, that can hardly be valid now. But I make you a present of *all* diagnostic power, if that will please you, inasmuch as the cited cases were diagnosed by eye specialists of the greatest eminence and experience, so what is your next objection? That it was not *senile*? then take what I published in the *Homœopathic World*, October 1, 1881. I will copy it word for word :—

#### CASE OF CATARACT MUCH AMELIORATED BY MEDICINE.

In a little monograph I have sought to defend the thesis that cataract can be often cured, and still oftener ameliorated, by the aid

of medicines given internally. The bulk of the profession, of course, ignore the thing entirely—that I expected. A few of the more enlightened welcomed the little book as an honest attempt; as an imperfect, but solid beginning. Yet others shook their heads in good old-fashioned honest doubt, and muttered something about “mistaken diagnosis;” and this not without a chuckle at their own superior powers in this regard.

Since the publication of “Curability of Cataract with Medicines,” I have continued my humble efforts in the same line, sneers and gibes notwithstanding. I have only treated a very few cases, partly because I do not care to begin unless a patient is willing, if necessary, to go on for a year or two, and this most of them decline.

It is no wonder people are very incredulous about the possibility of modifying the stroma of an opaque lens; for it *is* indeed *very* difficult, and I fail myself but too often, yet by no means always, and I consider the future of the question very hopeful.

The opponents of the thesis that an opaque lens can be modified by medicines often cite the *very aged* as more than usually hopeless. But I propose to bring a case showing that even an

octogenarian may be materially benefited, and get a considerable amount of useful vision restored. It is the oldest case I have ever treated, and has turned a few scoffers into respectful listeners. I do not give all the treatment, but only the relevant part of it.

Mrs. —, *æt.* eighty-one, came under observation at the end of the year 1880, suffering from cataract of both eyes, diagnosed by various physicians and specialists. Her vision was much impaired; reading had become impossible, and she could barely recognise a person in the street, or the pictures on the walls of my consulting-room. Thinking the case hopeless, principally on account of her advanced age, I did not enter with my wonted minuteness into her case, but gave *Chelidonium* lx, five drops in water night and morning, on pathological grounds.

February 2, 1881.—She came and said she felt more comfortable in her *mouth*, her tongue being less hard and stiff; vision the same. Thinking there might be yet a glimmer of hope for the venerable lady, at least that absolute blindness might possibly be averted, I went into her case with greater care. I found she had occasional diplopia, and things seemed farther off than they really were. But the thing that had long distressed her was this: *On awaking in*

*the morning her tongue was as hard and stiff as a board.* That this should have any connection with the cataractous lenses was not apparent ; still it was the *most constant, peculiar, and characteristic symptom*, and moreover a very distressing one. I turned up a Repertory, and finally decided on *Sulphur iodatum* (see Symptom 40 in Allen's Encyclopædia). Considering the general character of the remedy and the pathology of the disease, I did not hesitate, but gave six grains of the fourth centesimal trituration every night at bedtime.

March 21.—My report for this day in my case-book reads thus :—"Hardness and stiffness of tongue *gone*, and she had it two years, it was quite distressing ; sees *decidedly* better at a distance."

She came by rail to town to see me, and a married daughter was in the habit of meeting her at the station. When she first came to me she was not able to recognise her daughter on the platform, but this morning she recognised her already at quite a distance, and that readily, and can as readily discern my pictures. Repeat.

July.—Vision much improved ; can now read an article in the newspaper. R *Iodium* 30.

August.—Receive word from the daughter that patient now sees so well that she does not

propose continuing treatment any longer. She reads books with large print comfortably.

September 15.—A lady friend of the patient called about her own condition, and remarked, “Mrs. — now reads the paper from an hour and a half to two hours every day.”

She is now eighty-two years of age.

London, September, 1881.

This is my thirty-fifth reason for being a homœopath.

### **Reason the Thirty-sixth.**

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You are in a sense quite right in saying that my last-cited case was not a complete cure, but kindly note that I did not say it was ; moreover the *cure* was enough, for what more does an octogenarian want than the power to read the newspaper by the hour ? As my thirty-sixth reason for being a homœopath I will mention one other case of cataract

—this time so completely cured that patient can read *No.* 1. Is that good enough?

The lady came first to me in June, 1884, being then fifty-eight years of age, and as clear-thinking, hard-headed a sceptic as ever you saw. The diagnosis was made by an eminent specialist, whose opinion you would not dream of doubting. You see he is so sweetly orthodox! If he were to turn homœopath, however, he would not (thereafter) know a lens from a broom handle!

I looked humbly at the lenses—both of them—and found them uniformly milky-opaque; but as I am not an oculist, and besides am so sourly heterodox, you will not care to know how the lady's lenses appeared to my optics: so just take it, parenthetically as it were, that *to me* they were “kinder darkish like:” cataract our orthodox specialist calls it! Well, I discharged her cured in July, 1887, and able to read *No.* 1. As

I said before, is *that* good enough? In any case it is my thirty-sixth reason for being a homœopath—so I bid good-bye to cataracts for the present!

P.S.—In case you should care to know what remedies this lady took, I subjoin a list, viz., *Urea* 6 and then 12, *Psoricum* c, *Calc. carb.* c, *Sulphur* φ, *Silicea* 30, *Thuja* c, *Calc. carb.* 30, *Causticum* c, *Silicea* c, *Caust.* 30, *Lapis alb.* 30, *Sulphur* 30, *Conium* 1, *Calc. fluor.* 30, *Graphites* 30, *Chelidonium* φ, *Hepar* 3, &c. &c. The reason for giving them I cannot explain here, but the patient's lenses are now so clear that she sees to thread needles.

### Reason the Thirty-seventh.

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You take exception to the *number* of remedies used in my last case, and want to know “which cured the case?”

Will you get a long ladder and put it up against the side of your house, and mount it so as to get into your house by the top window; and when you have safely performed the feat, write and tell me which rung of that ladder enabled you to do it.

I sympathise with your objection, because it was once my own great stumbling block in accepting the results of homœopathic treatment; it may, perhaps, be adequately explained somewhere in the vast literature of the homœopathic fraternity, but I have never come across such an explanation, and hence have had to work it out for myself. I will put it to you thus:—In difficult, chronic, complicated cases of disease you require not a remedy but a ladder (series) of remedies, not one of which can of itself effect the cure, but each of which works cure-wards, their cumulative action eventuating in a cure—*THAT is how I cure cata-*



*ract* and many other chronic diseases that are currently held to be incurable by most men of all shades of therapeutic opinion. I regard this power of utilising a long series of remedies for the cure of difficult chronic cases as only second in importance to the law of cure itself. I originally learned the thing in conversation with Dr. Drysdale, of Liverpool, though not formulated by him, and I doubt if Dr. Drysdale ever did formulate it. In my own mind I call it the *ladder of remedies plan*. It is what I often heard Dr. Drysdale call "a course of medicines."

I often compare the cure of a difficult case of disease to a game of chess in which you have king, queen, bishops, knights, rooks and pawns, the various powers of which you must learn before you can play chess.

You do not expect to play chess without learning the game, but you do expect to be able to treat homœopathi-

cally without even knowing the homœopathic pawn! Hence my writing you all these reasons for my being a homœopath is a futile farce. I am, in fact, writing to you about chess without your knowing the pieces or even the board!! Still here is my thirty-seventh reason.

It is more than a dozen years ago that I, in the North, attended a very wealthy lady, about seventy years of age, for acute mania. The friends had, under the advice of the local practitioner, decided to send her to an asylum, but I objected to that course, being very sure she would never come out again. I have had charge of an asylum myself, and *know well* that, therapeutically, anyone that goes to an asylum is lost. They are treated with great kindness, and kept from harm and mischief, but as to curing them—well, the “mad doctors” never even try! and, indeed, it is useless to treat the demented allopathically. But good,

genuine homœopathy would cure half the inmates of our asylums. You will question my statement, I dare say, but it is the bare, simple truth all the same. It has been well and learnedly argued in theory and often proved in practice, as you may find for yourself if you will refer to our hereto-relative literature.

Homœopathic (and other!) practitioners are often hoodwinked by the personal surroundings of a patient, and to be pitch-forked into a nest of unbelievers to cure a desperate case is verily no pleasant position to be in, as any physician of the homœopathic ilk knows but too well.

Now my patient had a lady companion, who cast a withering glance at my humble self, and I knew instantly that *she* would baulk me in my efforts to cure, unless I prevented it. So I informed her that either she or I must go, or she must solemnly promise to obey all my orders with regard to the

patient, "for," said I, "you do not believe in homœopathy, do you?" "No, indeed, I do not!" And that young lady's look of scorn and contempt!

Thanks to *Baptisia* and other common homœopathic remedies, my patient made a complete recovery, and never had a relapse.

This is my thirty-seventh reason for being a homœopath, and if ever I lose my reason and become maniacal, great Father in heaven, send me a homœopathic brother, who will treat me as I treated Mrs. B——.

### **Reason the Thirty-eighth.**

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If you really wish to know the remedies that "did the trick" in my last *reason*, you have only to look into our literature

*with a humble, receptive mind*, and you will soon spot them !

I must get on with my task, which is beginning to pall upon me, and I really cannot spare the time.

Not very long after I said good-bye to my ex-maniacal patient, I was one afternoon sitting in my consulting room, when who should appear on the scene but the before-mentioned lady companion of my said ex-maniacal patient.

“Doctor,” said she, “as you have cured Mrs. B——, I have been wondering whether you could also cure my sister, who is in an asylum suffering from mania ; she is very bad and the doctors say they have no hope of her, as she has been violent for so long.”

I enquired somewhat into the nature of the case, and gave as my opinion that homœopathy could cure her.

The plan was communicated to the superintendent of the asylum, who called me some very hard names, the first of which was that I was a deceiver, and that I knew perfectly well that she would never get well. We required the help of three or four people to bring her in a special carriage, and her violence was dreadful for many weeks.

For more than twelve years this young lady has been as sane as you or I ; and has, during all that time, fulfilled the ordinary duties of an independent English lady. If you care to know what medicines did the good, you will find the whole case reported in the *British Journal of Homœopathy*, about a dozen years ago. I remember figures with difficulty, so I cannot give you the exact date. The young lady went with her mother to see the said asylum physician after she was well, but this cure did *not* lead him, so far as I ever heard, either to apologise to me

for his vulgar slanders of me, or to investigate the system of medicine that helped me to cure where he failed, and which cure is my thirty-eighth reason for being a homœopath.

### **Reason the Thirty-ninth.**

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THE weather is bad to-day, so I am not busy in my chambers; sick people cannot get out in this dreadful weather, and that gives consulting physicians a little time to ruminate. However, a gentleman of seventy-nine, whom I have just converted to homœopathy, was here just now, and his case must afford my thirty-ninth reason. It has the merit of being short and needing no particular introduction. He came to me last August, and what fixed my attention was his striking resemblance to the late Lord Cairns, who, by the way, was a

homœopath, as was also Archbishop Whately, *the logic man*. Fancy the great logician a homœopath!

Well, my patient had been to many eminent physicians in this London of ours for what he called "windy dyspepsia." He is in great and almost constant pain, full of foul flatus, constant diarrhoea, often involuntary, which is a terrible distress to him.

He was greatly improved in a few months, and the remedies which did it were Arsenicum 5, Nux Vomica 5, Sulphur 5, Lycopodium 12, and Colocynthis 3x.

Said the old gentleman somewhat sententiously, "These medicines seem to suit me."

### **Reason the Fortieth.**

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AN officer in the army brought his twelve-year-old daughter to me on the



thirteenth of November, 1886, telling me that she had something growing in her mouth. A similar growth had come a year ago, when his family surgeon excised it; in six months from the time of the operation it had grown again, making it difficult for the child to eat her food, as it caught the tongue and teeth, and then bled. This time the doctor ligatured it off thoroughly, leaving a hole, and informed the father that this time he hoped its roots were got rid of. Now it has grown again at the side of the said hole. On examining the mouth I find in its left side, just to the left of the frænulum linguæ, a warty, fleshy excrescence, of the shape of a cock's comb, about a quarter of an inch broad at its base, and nearly a quarter of an inch high. Patient has normal teeth; the tongue is coated, and she is very pale. I ordered *Thuja occidentalis* 30 internally, in infrequent dose, and a mouth wash of *Thuja*  $\phi$ , two drops in a dessertspoonful of water

night and morning; to keep it bathing the growth as long as possible, and then expectorate.

As this brought the growth down to the size of a pea, treatment was discontinued, but she then bit it on three successive occasions, whereupon it again took to growing, and in January, 1887, when I saw it, it was about as big as a horse bean. This time I ordered *Sabina*, just as I had previously ordered *Thuja*. Under the *Sabina* patient took on a healthy look, but a small piece of the growth still persisted, when I ordered *Cupressus Lawsoniana* in like manner as the *Thuja* and *Sabina* had been used. That was in March, 1887, and I did not see her again. But I met her father in October on another matter, when I enquired about the case, and he replied, "Oh, she is quite well; the lump has been gone a long time, but the hole is still there."

So if you ever get a little cock's comb growth in your mouth, take my advice and have it treated homœopathically, for it is, as you see, much better than either excision or ligature, and you will thereafter have no "hole" to mark the *locus in quo*, and let the little tip stand as my fortieth reason for being a homœopath.

### **Reason the Forty-first.**

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DEAFNESS is a very troublesome thing to deal with, but it is worth while being a homœopath, were it only for the power it gives one over deafness. I never could make out what you allopathic fellows did for deafness beyond the everlasting syringing. I have peered about in the aural departments of big hospitals, and read the books of noted aurists, beginning with a namesake of my own, but could never find that they

did any real good beyond clearing away mechanical hindrances. And even in homœopathy, it seems to me that our specialists rely far too much on cutting, scraping and syringing.

I have very often cured deafness with the aid of homœopathy, but most of the cases have needed so many remedies that I could not cite them without occupying too much space.

A lady of sixty, of the *Vieille noblesse catholique anglaise*, came to me in December, 1886, sent by her daughter, whom I had cured of neuralgia. The daughter had neuralgia of right side of head very badly, that she thought originally came from a *coup de vent*. She spent the winter of 1885-6 in Nice, and one day sat next to a gentleman at the *table d'hôte*: they compared notes about their state of being, when it transpired that the gentleman had previously suffered from the very same sort of

neuralgia, and in the identical spot, and that for many years until he came to me, when I (thanks to homœopathy) cured him. I had intended giving the case of deafness as my forty-first reason for being a homœopath, but I will alter my plan, and instead give this cure of neuralgia.

The lady was forty years of age, and came to me in April, 1886: the pain was in the right side of brow, face, ear, and neck, and had been on ever since the preceding November.

*Thuja occidentalis* in a rather high dilution and infrequent doses cured the neuralgia in a few weeks, and the lady in question has thought this brilliant cure of her neuralgia of itself sufficient for becoming a homœopath, and if it be enough in itself to convert the sufferer to homœopathy, it will surely be good enough to be one of my fifty reasons, and that the forty-first.

### **Reason the Forty-second.**

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HAVING begun in my last communication to give you a case of deafness as my forty-first reason, I fell back on a case of neuralgia that had been suggested by it, and so that leaves the deaf lady to do duty now. Well, she came in December, 1886, because I had cured said neuralgia.

“You cured my daughter’s neuralgia, so perhaps you can cure my deafness.”

It was a case of long standing that had been under the best aurists, and they had syringed it and done their poor little best, giving temporary ease, but not touching the essence of the complaint, which was due to chronic inflammation and swelling of the walls of the external meatus on both sides.

In five months the lady was quite cured, and the remedies were Thuja, Psoricum, Sabina, and Ceanothus, and one other.

This lady has also become a homœopath, and now employs for her family the homœopathic practitioner living near her house, and her cure must stand as my forty-second reason for being a homœopath.

### **Reason the Forty-third.**

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I GAVE you, the cure of a dermatitic state as my last reason for being a homœopath, nosologically we called it deafness. Let me advance a little on the merely inflammatory state, and give as my forty-third reason for being a homœopath the cure of a small growth.

I will call it :

ENCHONDROMA INDICIS CURED BY  
CALCAREA FLUORICA ALONE.

A maiden lady of sixty came to consult me on the 13th October, 1883, telling me she had a shiny swelling on her left index finger, which had been there for about eighteen months. The lump was hard and painful, and of about the size of a small split walnut, but rather flatter. Patient was very nervous and depressed,

℞ Trit. 3*x* *Calcarea fluorica*. Six grains four times a day, dry on the tongue.

October 27th.—Very great improvement.

℞ Rep.

November 3rd.—The cartilaginous nature is now clearly to be felt.

℞ Rep.

10th.—The swelling continues to get softer.

℞ Rep. (dry on the tongue.)



17th.—Still progressing; softer and smaller; on its middle-finger side it has taken an inflammatory action, as if it were going to gather, being hot, red and more swelled.

℞ Rep.

24th.—The tumour is softer and smaller, and patient is beginning to bend her finger, which had previously become quite impossible.

℞ Rep.

December 1st.—Still improving.

℞ Rep.

15th.—Finger is much more normal in colour, and still progressing. Patient went on with the same remedy until a short way into the new year. I saw her the last time on December 29th, when she was nearly well.

If I remember rightly Grauvogl was the first to use and to recommend the fluoride of lime for enchondroma.

The interest of this case lies not so much in the importance of the tumour (it was only the size of half a walnut, or thereabouts), but rather in the fact that only one remedy was used, and no other, and no change was made either in diet or place of abode. The lady had a hard lump on her finger for eighteen months; she took a course of *Calc. fl.*, to the choice of which homœopathy led me, and the lump went away.—*Q.E.D.*

### **Reason the Forty-fourth.**

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I HAVE before pointed out to you that I love the grand independence conferred upon me by homœopathy: when I have a difficult case I do not want to slide softly away from responsibility by the support of a consultative old foggy, whose brains have long since gone to sleep,

and whose *raison d' être* is only medico-social. I want to cure my patient, and were it only for the mental satisfaction. Now, guided by homœopathy, and a wee bit of reasoning power, I can generally do this.

Read the following case—

TRAUMATIC SWELLING OF RIGHT BREAST  
CURED BY BELLIS ALONE.

I ADDUCE the following case of a swelling in a young lady's breast, rather to exemplify in a neat way the curative range of the DAISY in the treatment of tumours.

No experienced practitioner will deny the important part played by bruises, blows, and falls in the genesis of tumours and cancer ; and hence our anti-traumatics ought to figure much more largely in our therapeutics of growths from blows. Before giving my case I will quote a very instructive note on this very ques-

tion that appeared as leader in the first volume of the *Homœopathic Recorder* (Philadelphia), No. 4, July, 1886.

It runs thus :

#### MALIGNANT GROWTHS.

In the preceding number of *The Recorder* there appeared three items concerning malignant growths, which deserve more than passing notice. One is the history of the development of a malignant formation as the result of the frequent mechanical irritation of a simple mole on the face, another recounted the cure of an extensive sarcomatous growth by an intercurrent attack of erysipelas, and the third contained the analysis of a series of cases of carcinoma in all of which there was antecedent injury by mechanical or chemical means ; in the latter selection the writer asks in all seriousness : Is cancer, whatever its form, ever primary, *i.e.*, does it ever originate without previous injury ?

A negative reply to this inquiry is of the highest importance to those who believe in the curative effects of drugs. It deprives the disease-action of part of the mysterious, fateful quality so constantly associated in our minds with these affections, and which terrorizes to

some degree the powers of the medical attendant. For, we hold that the great majority of physicians, on discovering the existence of a suspicious growth, are strongly impelled to advise the use of the knife as the only sure treatment, notwithstanding that in cases of undoubted malignancy the value of surgical interference is greatly lessened by the relatively poor results as measured by the added years given to the patient.

Moreover, if the occurrence of an infectious inflammation of the skin has destroyed malignant disease-process in that issue, there is a fairly good basis for the view, reasoning by analogy, that a drug-disease, *i.e.*, a disease produced by the action of a medicine, can, if affecting a part involved in the malignant process, cause similarly efficacious results.

In an admirable Report\* on the Progress of Pathology, by J. H. Muser, M.D., Mr. Sutton, F.R.C.S., is given as authority for the following view: "Irritation, local or otherwise, affecting the tissue, may cause abnormal epithelial growths, which, rising above the general level, may produce a wart. On the other hand, the epithelial growths may dip into the sub-epithelial tissues, and, on account of lack of formative development, either from decline of vigor or

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\* Phila. Med. Times, xvi, 484.

general constitutional debility the new tissue never develops functionally, runs riot, and originates tissues of low vitality—carcinomata. The conditions, favourable to the development of carcinomata—debility, etc.—are absent in the young; hence, in the young we have warts; in the old, cancers.”

What, then, is the bearing of these facts upon the treatment of probably malignant tumors? Passing by the cures of warts by internal medicine alone, which almost every homœopathic practitioner has observed over and over again, we need only call attention to the cures, by the same method, of tumors of the female breast, an organ notoriously disposed to malignant neoplasms; here the action of Conium cannot be denied, and what is true of this remedy may be true of many others.

A thorough study of the symptoms of each individual case with the view of finding the exact simillimum, the exhibition of the latter in different attenuations, if necessary, changing the remedy only when a change of symptoms demands it and extreme watchfulness for involvement of the neighbouring glandular structures make up, it appears to us, the duty of the physician. Whether he would be justified in holding out any hope of cure by internal medication after evidences of systemic infection

exist, must be decided by his own experience, but, as there are always cases in which operation is inadmissible, or in which it will not be allowed, opportunities will not be wanting to continue treatment with the properly chosen remedy.

If statistics of our treatment can be collated and analysed, the results will, we feel sure, give encouragement to physicians and sufferers as well, and demonstrate anew, and in a strikingly brilliant manner, the value of our law of cure.

We earnestly hope, then, that those of us who hold hospital or dispensary appointments, will endeavour to employ the method of internal medication in cases of malignant growths whenever it is fairly admissible to do so, and that records of cases containing diagnoses checked off as to their accuracy by every method known to medical science, together with the symptoms in full and the treatment used, may soon appear in our journals. Thus will be laid the foundation for a new and lasting monument to homœopathy.

Without going so far as the author of this article, I must certainly say I attribute some of my success in the treatment of cancers and other tumours by medi-

cines to a due recognition of the traumatic fact, not in diagnostics merely, but also in therapeutics.

Miss L. C., aged thirteen years, came under my observation at the end of July, 1879. About eight weeks previously a miserable lad in the street hit her in the right breast with considerable violence; from that time on this breast became swollen and very painful, until at length she was quite unable to lie on her right side. Patient's mother was *poitrinaire*, as was also her brother, and my experience teaches me that the members of *poitrinaire* families are particularly liable to suffer from blows.

At first no notice was taken of the young lady's complaints, but week after week went by, and she persisted in referring to the pain in her breast. Whether any domestic means had been



employed I do not now remember, but eventually I was sent for, as vague notions of tumour and cancer rendered the parents uneasy. On comparing the breasts, the right one was found to be by much the larger, being swollen and very tender.

I thought this a very proper case for testing the anti-traumatic virtue of the old English bruisewort, and hence prescribed thus :

℞ Tc. Bellidis perennis 3℥.  
3 ij.

S. Three drops to be taken in water four times a day.

The result was a very rapid disappearance of pain and swelling, and in a fortnight patient could lie again on the right side. And a few days later an examination showed that the swelling had entirely disappeared.

Nothing whatever was applied to the part, no change was made in diet, mode of life, or place of abode, and as

the thing had already existed for eight weeks, the positively curative effect of the *Bellis* can hardly be denied, which is the one point this case is meant to exemplify and to teach, and that because it is so very difficult to demonstrate positively the effect of any *one* remedy when the tumefaction has become a genuine neoplasia, or hyperplasia. Too many of my cases prove this.

### **Reason the Forty-fifth.**

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JUST one other case of a new-growth as my forty-fifth reason for being a homœopath. You will see that the *general character* of a drug often helps us where our law becomes more or less *insaisissable*. It is a—

#### **TUMOUR IN THE THROAT.**

A married lady of fifty-four came

on the eighth of August, 1883, to consult me about a lump in her throat. In the left side of the top of the neck there was a hard body about the size of a hen's egg, but flatter. The tumour had been there for a very long time, and with it she had had much throat irritation. It was situated to the left and behind the larynx, but whether actually connected with the œsophagus or larynx I could never quite satisfy myself. It moved up and down with the act of deglutition.

℞ Trit. 3x. Sul. iod., ʒ iv., gr. vj. ter die.

August 22nd.—No change.

℞ Psor. 30.

October 5th.—The throat—*i.e.*, the fulness, uneasiness, pain and distress in the throat—is very much better, and the tumour has sensibly diminished in size.

℞ Thuja occid. 30.

Novem. 1st.—The tumour is about half gone.

℞ Psor. 30.

29th.—The tumour about two-thirds gone ; general health good.

℞ Thuja 30.

Dec. 21st.—There is some tickling in the throat. The tumour is larger again, and the patient feels choky.

℞ Psor 30.

January 14th, 1884.—The tumour has again sensibly diminished in size.

℞ Psor. C.

Feb. 8th.—Tumour still swollen.

℞ Merc. viv. 5.

March 3rd.—“ I feel the lump very much less, about half its original size,” said the lady. She has much rheumatism in ankles and knees.

℞ Silicea 6 trit., in frequently repeated doses.

31st.—Has been visiting a friend suffering from consumption, and since then has spit a little blood-streaked phlegm; has a good deal of tickling in the throat.

℞ Psor. 30.

April 16th.—No coloured expectoration for a week, and then very trifling; the tickling in the throat is better, but the throat feels very rough. The tumour is rather smaller.

℞ Sul. iod. 3x, six grains three times a day.

30th. — No coloured expectoration for the past week; the tickling in the throat is very much better, but talking brings it on. The tumour has lately not altered sensibly in size, but it is more self-contained and one now can demonstrate that it is not connected with the larynx, being in the areolar tissue, behind and to its left. Has a good deal of rheumatism.

℞ Tc. Condurango 1, 3 iv. Five drops in water three times a day.

May 21st.—Thinks it is not so well ; the tickling sensation in the throat is worse. Feels the spring. The throat is worse in the morning and when tired.

℞ Thuja 30.

June 16th. — Throat rather better ; has only had the coloured expectoration once, but the voice is hoarse, and she feels her throat weak. Has rheumatism in ankles and knees worse after motion. The tumour is a trifle smaller.

℞ Urea 6.

June 11th.—More blood-coloured expectoration. Has had all the symptoms of a cold : aching all over, with tingling, and feeling giddy and ill ; aphonia ; much tenderness in the neck ; rheumatism better ; urine *thick* (unusual) ; violent tickling in the throat with scraping and dryness ; *the tumour is nearly gone.*

The throat symptoms are worse night and morning, and when she is tired.

℞ Tc. Phytolacca decandra 1., ʒ iv., gtt. v.,  
n. m.

August 6th.—Better in every way ; the tumour is barely to be found.

℞ Rep.

Sept. 3rd.—Feels practically well. I can find the small remains of the tumour only with difficulty.

℞ Rep. (at night only).

Nov. 13th.—Still a little uneasiness in the throat.

℞ Trit 3x. Sul. iod.

28th.—Nearly well.

℞ Rep.

Dec. 31st.—The tumour cannot be found, but she still complains of a husky voice.

℞ Trit. 4. Kali brom.

I did not see the patient again for some months, as the tumour had quite disappeared, and she herself felt quite well, but she came to me again on

April 10th, 1885, complaining of tickling and irritation at the old spot.

℞ Psor. C.

May 11th.—She feels easier in the throat, but the tumour is returning.

R Trit 3x. Sul. iod.

Nov. 25th.—the lump is still increasing.

R Psor. C.

This lady came again on February 15th, 1886, and for the last time on the 30th April, 1886, when I discharged her, cured. I see her son occasionally on his own account, and thus know that she continues quite well, and has a very healthy general appearance.

I am beginning to breathe more freely now, having only five more *Reasons* to bring forward. Confess candidly, do you not wish homœopathy were socially *très comme il faut*, and to be had for the asking? A lady of high rank said to me three years ago, "If you were *not* a homœopath, Dr. Burnett, I could make your fortune." Said I, "Well, my lady, I am very sorry not to enlist you in the laudable



undertaking of making my fortune, which would be at least very nice for those dependent upon me, but I *am* a homœopath, and fortune or no fortune I thank God for this much of His truth.

It is late and I am tired, but I trust you will be able to read my cacography.

### **The Forty-sixth Reason.**

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I HAVE given you a good many details in my last three or four reasons to let you see the light in which I write, so far as that is possible to you in your ignorance of the scientific treatment of disease in the sense in which I understand it. You will pardon the lately-given journalistic quotation as bearing on the subject-idea, it is the only one I have inflicted upon you in this lengthy correspondence, and I will not trouble you with another.

Now, I have a partiality for cases with a good sound pathology that can be seen, felt, cut out, put into the scales and weighed! They seem so much more proof-affording than mere symptoms in given parts, as headache or neuralgia, as these often depart of themselves. But generally speaking you may bet on the permanency of a good solid tumour. As my forty-sixth reason, therefore, I must give you the notes, as short as may be, of a rather rare affection, viz :—

TUMOUR OF RIGHT BREAST IN  
A MAN.

Although tumours of the breast are much more common in women than in men, still they do also occur in the breasts of males, more particularly in later life. Such a one is the following :—

On April 23rd, 1881, there came to me a rather tall, spare, cachectic-looking gentleman, a London professional man,

of about seventy years of age, telling me that ever since the previous February he had been greatly worried, and this was followed by a sensitiveness in his left nipple, which soon passed off and went to the right nipple, wherein it still was. On examining the part I found it the seat of a hard tumid mass of the size of a pigeon's egg. Patient first noticed it was swelled a month previously. It is not actually painful, but there is a sensation of fulness and uneasiness, and he cannot lie on it, hence it arrests his attention.

℞ Psor. 30, m. vi.; s. l. *q.s.*, ft. pulv., tales xij, j nocte.

May 7th.—There is still a sensation of fulness in it; patient thinks it is softer, in which opinion I share. It is a little smaller. Since taking the powders he has had some bilious attacks.

℞ Rep.

21st.—It is much smaller; there is much less sensitiveness, and patient

can now sleep lying on his right side, which was previously not possible.

R Rep.

May 28th.—The sensitiveness is now confined to the nipple alone, still he can sleep lying on it. He is constipated, and his tongue is thickly furred.

R Hydrastis Canadensis 3*x*.  
3 iv.

S. gtt. v., nocte maneque.

June 14th.—The sensitiveness still continues, but it has very much decreased.

Rep.

July 2nd.—Less sensitiveness; tumour still decreasing in size; on the sternum, on a level with the nipple, there is a scabby eruption of the size of a threepenny piece, having a red ground, the rest being yellowish. He is still constipated.

R Tc. Hydrastis Canad. 6, 3 iv., gtt. v.,  
n. m.

July 23rd.—He has scabs on the scalp; a yellow scab at the middle of the sternum; also on his hands. The nipple is no longer sensitive at all.

℞ Tc. Thuja occid. 30, in infrequent doses.

August 13th.—The tumour has disappeared, with the exception of one of the size of a hazel nut. There is still some scaly eruption on the sternum.

℞ Psor. 30 (two to a month).

Sept. 16th.—No trace of the tumour to be found. There is still a patch of reddish scaly eruption on the skin of the chest.

℞ Tc. Chelidon. maj. 3℥, gtt. iij., nocte.

Oct. 13th.—No trace of tumour; still a circular patch at midsternum. Bowels a little relaxed.

℞ Trit. 6, Nat. Sul.

27th. — Well; and has a healthy complexion, whereas it was, at the beginning of the treatment, quite earthy.

Six years have elapsed since then, during all which time the patient has remained well of the tumour, *i.e.*, it has never returned. Two or three times or more in every year the gentleman is in the habit of coming to see me, "To be kept in repair." Before I began the treatment I was importuned by his friends as to whether I was *quite* sure it was safe to forego an operation, "which, you know, Sir J. — says is the only *chance* !"

What did the friends say *after* the tumour was cured by remedies? Were they grateful? Perhaps; they have so scrupulously avoided the subject ever since that I have no means of knowing.

Nevertheless, the tumour remains cured, and that is the main point.

If you care to know *my* opinion of the pathology of this tumour, I wish to

say I think it was *scirrhus*. That it was a very hard lump is quite sure.

Speaking biopathologically, *more meo*, the basis of the thing was PSORO VACCINOSIS.

Only four more *Reasons* are now due to you, are *you* prepared to “come down the tree yet?”

### **Reason the Forty-seventh.**

---

ONE can hardly have to deal with a more formidable affection than *Angina Pectoris*, and in its treatment homœopathy can do great things. It is, however, a mighty mistake to treat the cases all alike, as quite a number of different diseases give rise to the usual anginal symptoms; the cases must be diagnostically and therapeutically differentiated if they are to be really *cured*.

A short time since it was my duty to see a lady in Belgravia with *Angina Pectoris*: unwonted domestic drudgery, loss of loved ones, fright, loss of fortune, had led up to it.

Apart from the anginal attacks there was a chronic, constant pain across the præcordia, running away under the left breast. For years blisters had been applied at intervals with temporary relief, till they could no longer be borne. Patient was very depressed, sulky and morose. The menses suppressed. *Aurum metallicum*, 3 trituration, six grains every four hours, cured the constant pain in a week, and the anginal attacks have thus far not recurred, and patient smiles now and is bright. The menses have, however, not appeared, and for this she remains under treatment.

I do not expect you to realise the difference wrought by the Gold, inas-



much as in my allopathic days I should have flatly refused belief in my present statement. Hence if you now feel the same I can sympathise with you, and I, therefore, will not insist further than to place it on record as my forty-seventh reason for being a homœopath.

### **Reason the Forty-eighth.**

---

LED by the law of likes, I have been able to do very satisfactory work with Gold as a remedy in disease; if you care to know, I wrote a book on the subject some years since, wherein I say:—

The following is a case of dropsy of the lower extremities, which came under my observation two years ago. I was fetched, I think it was one Sunday, to see a lady; it was feared she was beyond recovery. I found my patient, a lady of about fifty, in bed; her lower extremities were swollen, painful, they pitted on pressure, and were worse at night, better in the

morning. This œdema had been coming on for a week or two, but it had usually quite disappeared by the morning, and thus caused but very little anxiety, but now it had greatly increased even in bed, and very naturally was causing great alarm. Dropsy is almost always a grave symptom, though not always. In this case I think it was. There was a history of many illnesses, and altogether this drug-picture presented itself:—

1. There was dropsy, and patient had
2. Great depression of spirits, amounting to
3. Profound melancholia.
4. Then there was great difficulty of breathing, and
5. Weak pulse and feeble heart.
6. She was psoric, and had a good deal of
7. Discharge from the nose, that at times contained some blood.

I gave her the Muriate of Gold in the third decimal dilution, but I do not remember the exact number of drops or the repetition of the dose, but the dose was not less than one drop (it may have been two or three), and as often as every two or three hours, and given in water.

The case got rapidly well, all the œdema having permanently disappeared in less than a week. Eighteen months after this she informed

me she had never since had any return of the dropsy, though her health was anything but good. This was only a recent case, and, though grave, was yet not severe as to the dropsy, but the despondency was almost a substantive malady.

In this case Gold acted as a veritable pick-me-up, and I submit that the remedy was homœopathically indicated, and the cure a homœopathic one; about the dose I will not quibble; with me the best dose is the one that cures.

This happened just ten years ago, and the lady is still alive and fairly well—so let it stand as my forty-eighth reason.

### **Reason the Forty-ninth.**

---

IN human life we have our favourites; we have them in our families, and in therapeutics I have a great fondness for certain remedies, one of which is GOLD.

You allopaths say Gold is no medicine at all because it is an insoluble metal! That's what the best Professors of *Materia Medica* taught me; it is fundamentally false all the same!

Oh, the silly, silly things they teach one at the schools! What a frightful heap of old fossil beliefs!

For Gold is no mere function disturber, but a producer of organic change, and hence its brilliant effects in organic mischief. The vascular turgescence of *Belladonna* and that of *Aurum* are very different affairs.

The following interesting and instructive case once occurred in my practice, viz :—

RHEUMATIC ENDOCARDITIS IN THE  
COURSE OF RHEUMATIC FEVER.

I was fetched one day in February by a gentleman in the City to see his wife, a lady of about fifty-five or sixty, who

was lying very dangerously ill at the end of the third week of rheumatic fever. This gentleman, who is an old homœopath of thirty years' standing, and whose knowledge of drugs and disease is really remarkable for a layman, had treated patient himself, and with no inconsiderable success considering the severity of the case, but suddenly patient's condition became very alarming on account of the rheumatism having apparently seized upon the heart. I found this condition : patient was propped up in bed and breathing very hurriedly ; the lips bluish ; tongue dry and coated ; anxious expression of face ; puffy under eyes ; moist râles all over chest, with cough ; pulse rapid, compressible, and intermittent ; action of heart floundering ; loud endocardial bruits ; slight dropsy of feet ; no appetite at all, could just suck a grape or sip tea ; profuse perspirations ; limbs swelled and painful, the joints almost as firmly locked as if ankylosed, cannot

move hand or foot for pain and from this swelled, inflamed state of the joints; flesh of hands puffy; bones of hands swelled, almost immovable, and tender.

I ordered Aurum foliatum, 2nd trituration, very frequently. Alone and no auxiliaries.

Why did I order Aurum? Because it affects the heart and respiration very much *like* they were affected in this patient, and because it moreover produces profuse perspiration, profound weakness, anorexia, and great anxiety. Then the bones were greatly affected.

Feb. 18. A little easier. Rep.

19th. Better in all respects. Rep.

20th. Considerable improvement in the action of the heart; breathing comfortable; is out of danger. Rep.

22nd. Continued improvement. Rep.

24th. Quite comfortable. Continue the Aurum and take Nat.-Sul. 6 trit.

in alternation with it. My reason for alternating was that I thought it imprudent to leave off the Gold, and yet Nat.-Sul. was now indicated.

March 2nd. Is up, sitting by fire. Appetite good.

6th. Heart, joints, bones, and hands free from rheumatism; is sitting by fire quite comfortably; appetite good; tongue moist but slightly furred; feet swell a little towards evening.

This case so well illustrates the action of Gold on the organic tissue of the heart that I will leave it as my forty-ninth reason.

When I saw patient first I gave a bad prognosis, and had it not been for the Gold, I fear it would have been realised. Auxiliaries did not do it, for I used none; faith in the doctor did not cure her, for patient had never seen me before.

Patient's recovery was complete.

## **The Fiftieth Reason.**

---

HERE I am, my dear allopathic friend, arrived at my FIFTIETH REASON FOR BEING A HOMŒOPATH.

I mentioned as my forty-seventh reason a case of Angina pectoris cured by metallic gold, and awhile ago I stated to you that I considered the wide applicability, the immense range, the broad scope of homœopathy afford ample reason for adhering to it as a practical system of curative medicine.

As my last-to-be-given reason let me write off from my "Diseases of the Skin from the Organismic Standpoint" the following—premising, merely, that the remedy used was *Sulphur* 30!—

### **ANGINA PECTORIS FROM SUPPRESSED SKIN DISEASE.**

One Sunday morning, some ten years ago, a gentleman ushered his wife into my consult-



ing room because she had been taken with an attack of *angina pectoris* in the street, on her way to church. Though only a little over thirty years of age, if so much, she had been subject to these attacks of breast-pang for several years: they would take her suddenly in the street, nailing her, as it were, to the spot, and hence, she no longer went out of doors alone, lest she should faint away or fall down dead, as was apprehended.

An examination of the heart revealed no organic lesion, or even functional derangement, and I could not quite see why a comparatively young lady should get such anginal attacks. She had been under able men for her *angina*, but it got no better, and no one could apparently understand it. I prescribed for her, and saw her subsequently at her home, to try and elucidate the matter. I let her tell me her whole health-history from her earliest childhood. She said she was getting to the end of her teens, and was preparing to come out, but she had some cracks in the bends of her arms that were very unsightly; these cracks had troubled her from her earliest childhood. Erasmus Wilson was consulted; he gave her an ointment which very soon cured her skin, and the patient came out socially, made a hit right off, and got married in due course. She had always been very grateful

to Erasmus Wilson for curing her arms, for otherwise, "How could I have appeared in short sleeves?"

But there soon followed dyspepsia, flatulence, dyspnœa, and palpitation, and finally the before-described attacks of *angina pectoris* threatened to wreck her life. Moreover, she had borne one dead child. As I have already said there was no discoverable cardiac lesion, and from the lady's health history, I gathered that this cure of her skin (though to me the one important point) was of no casual importance.

I gave my opinion that her skin disease had never been *really* cured, only *driven* in by Wilson's ointment, and that her angina was in reality its internal expression or metastasis. No one believed it, however. I began to treat her antipsorically, and very soon—I think it was less than a month from the Sunday morning visit—the old cracks reappeared in the bends of the elbows, *and from that time on she had no further attacks of angina* at all, and thenceforth she bore living children.

I am not ignorant of the range of the art-cure of disease in the wide literature of the world, and I affirm

that outside of homœopathy *such* grand therapeutic work has literally and absolutely no existence.

Should it be the will of the Most High that I live on in my present vigor, I shall have yet a great deal more to say to the world in regard to homœopathy and other views of curative medicine; if not, then let these *Fifty Reasons* be my legacy to my country and to my fellow man the world over. I say this, because I intend to publish them, omitting, of course, all recognizable reference to your individuality. And of you, personally, I have very small hope, for well do I know that though one rose from the dead yet would you allopaths *not* believe in any, and therefore not in my "Fifty Reasons for being a Homœopath."

*Adieu sans revoir.*



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